THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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IMPORTED BIGOTRY

WHEN Americans of German descent of such national prominence as Victor and Bernard Ridder, publishers of many newspapers, including German language publications, and stanch upholders of the best traditions and the high cultural achievements of Germany, are ejected, almost by physical violence, from membership in the United German Societies, in New York, because of their opposition to the Nazi propagandists who have apparently captured the leadership of this great body of German-Americans, public attention becomes focused upon an issue of the gravest concern to the nation. Not only have the Ridder brothers been forced to fight a movement which has split the German-American organizations, but also a number of the latter, representing important cultural interests, have withdrawn from the United German Societies; among these are the German Jewish societies, which are particularly concerned, of course, because of the violence of the anti-Jewish spirit displayed by the Nazi supporters among the German-Americans, fomented and directed in part by Germans who are not American citizens, including some against whom the charge is made that they are paid propagandists for the Hitler régime.

Shortly after Hitler's rise to supreme power in Germany, an American branch of the Nazi party was formed in this country, but soon afterward it was officially dissolved. Still a number of other groups, apparently not officially recognized or financed by the German government, but in possession of ample funds, sprang up in many parts of the country. Newspapers and pamphlets in both English and German were established to extol the Hitler régime, and to preach its doctrines of Nordic supremacy and anti-Semitism, and to urge the growth of a similar organized movement in this country. One of these sheets added Catholics and Negroes to the Jews as the enemies of true Americanism, and labors to revive the Ku Klux Klan elements. This paper, *Liberation,* is published from Asheville, North Carolina, and is the journal of an organization called the Silver Shirts, which claims to have its branches in some twenty or more states, and is preparing to use the same methods to obtain and seize political power as Hitler employed in Germany. Ridiculous as such a

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claim, or as such an organization, may seem to be, it is potentially a real peril, for at a time when the nation needs to be unified in spirit in order to meet its economic crisis successfully, the disruptive influence of such a movement, allied to the poisonous propaganda spread by the Nazi groups, may have a profoundly subversive effect, if it grows.

Bernard Deutsch, president of the American Jewish Congress, has issued a statement declaring that the League of the Friends of the New Germany has taken the leading place in the movement. Centers for the operation of the movement, he asserts, have been established not only in New York, but also in Detroit, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cleveland, Denver, Trenton, Milwaukee and Portland. His statement that editors of German papers in this country have had threats directed against their proprietors and editors by Nazi agents when these papers refused to accept the censorship of the Nazi agents, has been confirmed by Victor and Bernard Ridder, who threw one Heinz Spanknoebel out of their office for presuming to make such threats. Before refusing to permit the holding of a mass meeting in New York, organized by the United German Societies after the Nazi element, led by Spanknobel, had risen to power, Mayor O'Brien said that there was no need for any member of the deputation to testify to the patriotism of American citizens of German blood, for they had given too many evidences in war and peace of their devotion to the best ideals of the nation to need any further certificates. The real question was whether or not under the protection of the German-American societies, alien agitators shall be permitted to come into a community and sow the seeds of religious hatred and social dissension. "There is no room here," said Mayor O'Brien, "for the preaching in these days of crisis of such un-American doctrine, whether it be anti-Semitism, Ku Kluxism, or any related phase of bigotry."

Such ominous developments give additional and immediate importance to the work of the National Conference of Jews and Christians. No other organization has done such effective work in bringing Protestants, Catholics and Jews together in all parts of the country, not in vague demonstrations of good-will, and to applaud speeches upholding liberty and opposing intolerance, but rather to grapple with the facts of the situation through searching studies, frank discussion of realities, and the demonstration of brotherhood in action. Meetings of this conference are being arranged for in practically all parts of the country. Under its auspices a Catholic priest, the Reverend J. Elliot Ross, a Jewish rabbi, the Reverend Morris S. Lazaron, and a Protestant clergyman, the Reverend Everett Ross Clinchy, the director of the National Conference, will tour the country as a group, conducting seminars, round tables and forums in the interests of our American ideals of liberty and understanding and cooperation among all religious groups. We heartily recommend this work to our readers throughout the country. We trust and hope that they will attend the meetings and support the work. Most Reverend Urban J. Vehr, the Bishop of Denver, where one of the meetings will be held in November, in welcoming the conference to his diocese, says:

"Current events in the world history indicate the necessity of developing a strong and pulsating national consciousness of justice and brotherly love in a country guaranteeing freedom of worship and demanding constructive cooperative effort in behalf of the common civic interests. . . .

"On the negative side, the idea of persecuting any group, of hampering the exercise or depriving them of their God-given rights and constitutional privileges because of blood or conscientious convictions, is revolting. It matters little whether this is done by organized groups in open assembly or in the more secret and surreptitious innuendos of interference and retaliation. It is un-American and a violation of the natural rights of citizenship. On the positive side, justice, amity and understanding in the relations of the several religious groups of our country supposes a religious ideal of the common brotherhood of man with its obligations of social justice and fraternal charity. Legislation cannot create it. It must be an inner development of the noble attitude of soul and mind.

"Personal religious convictions need not be sacrificed, nor violated nor made colorless. Fraternal love will dictate that no barrier exists between us, that in all common problems the bond of citizenship will claim a united effort and that mutual sympathy, understanding and forbearance will dominate every action. Social justice will dictate an acceptance of the mutual responsibility of our citizenship, an attitude of objective fairness in promoting and protecting the natural rights and the constitutional privileges of every citizen. No citizenry can attain its true stature without brotherly love. Religious and social persecution is condemned by every right-thinking man, no matter where it is found or by what group it is practised."

WEEK BY WEEK

Fascism in France?

TRAVELERS returning from Europe tell us that France is a not improbable scene of the next political revolution. By political revolution we mean that it would be a bloodless revolution which yet would have the effect of greatly changing the system of government. Though it might avoid the name of Fascism, because the French would not like to be beholden for a political idea to their Italian cousins, the new system would in fact be a form of Fascism. The

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truth of the matter is that the French people who prevailingly are sober, industrious and great planners of their separate, self-sufficient destinies—their homes, their families, the children, their gardens, and the retreat, as it is called, of the older members of the family from active participation in industry in the large social, competitive order—are tired of the uncertainties of their present politics. M. Daladier, who has just fallen as we write this, had held a relatively long term of office as premier—nine months. Consider the turmoil we would suffer in this country, for instance, if we had a change of President every nine months or oftener. We would be submerged by politics. The distraction would be intolerable. In addition to this, the French premier is constantly faced by the dilemma of finding funds for the operation of the government and a natural inclination of the public to say, when confronted with a financial measure which will extract something from their pockets, "It shall not pass!" This particular dilemma has three horns, the third is the unwillingness of the careful French people who have saved for their various planned purposes, to have anything like inflation which will depreciate the value of their savings. Daladier fell upon this dilemma, and the political life of his successor will be immediately menaced by it. Each of the deputies, while agreeing in principle with balancing the budget and the avoidance of a depreciated currency, is a watchdog to prevent increased taxation of his supporters; his own little political life depends on his being this. A strong man vested with authority and the time to effect a reasonable solution, is, it is said, being looked for by the French.

Giving America Away

THE LONG editorial following on another page in this issue deals with our essential objection to the recognition of Russia—not our objection, simply, but we believe the essential objection of the great majority of thinking, responsible American Catholics. Their objection is not selfish beyond the fact that naturally the desire of a good, decent, peaceful and amiable social order embraces the prospect that the person so desiring will himself live in that social order. The point is that their objection is not selfish in desiring something for their particular profit at the expense of others. It is predicated on the peace and well-being of the greatest number of our fellow citizens. To commit the United States government to a support of the Third International having its headquarters in Moscow, seems to us simply borrowing trouble. Former Senator Brookhart who has been a prime mover in obtaining recognition of Russia and among the chief advocates of a huge loan to the Soviets guaranteed by the American government, we believe, is one of the most irrational and impractical men ever entrusted with public affairs in this country. To begin with, if the Soviets' credit is any good, why does the proposed loan have to be guaranteed by the American government? That is one of the most extraordinary perversions of financial responsibility and sensible procedure that we have ever heard of—the creditor guaranteeing the debtor's credit.

IS SOMEBODY perpetrating a joke on the American people, a large, expensive practical joke? If the present administration wants to buy $500,000,000 worth of our own products and ship them out of the country simply to relieve our congested inventories and start some of the wheels of industry turning again, let it do so honestly, frankly. There is no basis for liquidating the debt between us and Russia with an eventual exchange of commodities. We are properly business rivals. Russia's principal exports are grain, oil, lumber and furs. Mr. Brookhart is supposed to be a champion of the grain farmers of his own country. He seems in fact ready to deal them a stab in the back by helping out of their pockets and the pockets of their best customers, who are the people in the United States, the American farmers' greatest potential competitor in the international market. We do not think for a minute that he is doing this maliciously; we believe that he is simply deluded. The Russians are great talkers and Mr. Brookhart is just the type who would be an easy mark for their flattery, their social theorizing, their imputation of ogrish villainies to all financiers other than their own bureaucratic financial manipulators and for their spacious but not very practical dreaming. There are certain American lobbyists who would like to sell something to Russia for good American coin who normally would be strange bedfellows for Mr. Brookhart, but they are professionally amiable and adaptable fellows and no doubt are finding ways to nurture the dream of that gentleman and of the others responsible in Washington for the proposed fantastic credits to Russia, that they are harbingers of a brighter, better day. We earnestly hope that some practical champions of the American people will step into the situation briskly before this huge financial hoax is perpetrated and save us from it.

The University's Bishop

THE BEAUTY, the majestic instancy with which the Catholic Church reflects the association of men's affairs with divine, infinite things, attending the consecration last week of the Most Reverend James Hugh Ryan, Rector of the Catholic University of America, as Bishop of the Titular See of Modra, was a bright focal point which brought out in clear relief three lengthened shadows of the man. These are his scholarly eminence in the field of philosophy, his

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outstanding position in Catholic higher education, and his remarkable achievements as a university administrator. The first of these is perhaps most generally known through his editorship of *New Scholasticism,* the journal of the American Catholic Philosophical Society, and his association with scholarly societies, and his book, "Introduction to Philosophy," all of which are signs of the scholarship underlying them. The second, his position at the head of the only great pontifical university in this country, comparable only with Louvain in Belgium and similar institutions, which is directly under the care of the hierarchy of the nation and was approved in its institution by Pope Leo XIII, was duly recognized by the great convocation in the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception for the Bishop's consecration. Among the more than two thousand spectators were thirty-five members of the American hierarchy, one Canadian archbishop, the Apostolic Delegate, monsignori, members of the clergy, including presidents of colleges and universities and superiors of religious orders, members of the diplomatic corps in Washington, the Secretaries of Commerce and Labor, presidents and representatives of secular universities and the faculty and students of the Catholic University. The supernatural element of human dignity was signalized as the Church only can signalize it when on such an occasion, in the person of one man raised to pastoral responsibility, the high Christian worth of the soul is celebrated and our solidarity in this sense of value is expressed.

THE THIRD eminence of Bishop Ryan that was commemorated, is his record as an administrator of the university during the five years of his rectorship. He would be the first to acknowledge that he alone had not accomplished these things and would pay proper tribute to the cooperation he has received and due acknowledgment to the administration of his beloved predecessor, the late Bishop Shahan. In him, therefore, as the responsible head of the university since 1928, these others share in the honor which is paid to him. During the past five years the number of students in the Graduate School of Arts and Science has increased over 200 percent, increasing from 203 such graduate students to 635 for the present academic year. It has been the Rector's special effort to emphasize the importance of postgraduate scholarship. The student enrolment of the entire university has doubled during the past five years, seminary students have increased from 49 to 152, and thirty members have been added to the faculties. Last summer, the summer school enrolled 1,150 students, the largest number in the university's history, an increase from a registration of 405 in 1928. During Bishop Ryan's administration six new religious houses have been built on or adjacent to the campus, corresponding to six new colleges for the usual type of university, and the enrolment in all religious colleges has increased 120 percent. Thirty-three religious orders of men representing forty dioceses now attend the university. Believing that a school is only as strong as its faculty, the Rector has sought in all the cultural centers of the world for heads of departments and lecturers. One of the latest acquisitions to the staff is Abbé Lemaître, the noted Belgian priest-scientist. The Rector has almost doubled the university's revenue and during the past two difficult years has brought the university through without deficits and with considerable increase in income.

For Education Week

"THE TRAGIC trials we have endured, which no human power could avert or arrest, have left us nothing on which to lean but the Providence of God. Every thoughtful man has had at least a glimpse of the supernatural background upon which the world of material things reposes and to which it must adjust itself if we are not to have over and over again a repetition of these bewildering experiences. . . . Our most urgent need is God's blessing upon the world and especially upon our own country. We summon all men of good-will to pray for that blessing, and by their works of unselfishness to deserve it, and to advance the common weal." These words of the bishops of the Administrative Committee of the National Catholic Welfare Conference have been made both the introduction and the basis of the program for Catholic schools formulated by the Conference for American Education Week, which begins on November 6. The schedule of suggested conferences carries out the bishop's text in such a truly admirable spirit, and with such helpful clarity of detail, that it should be followed by our educators throughout the country as a matter alike of conscience and common sense. The mere technical problems of pedagogy have been relegated for the moment. The Welfare Conference has considered, at this time of national crisis, not the procedure of classrooms, but the approach and spirit which will fill Catholic teachers with a sense of their present responsibility to answer the nation's first needs.

THE TOPICS are subdivided under a few capital heads. "The Depression and Its Causes" involves a consideration of the aftermath of the war; of mass production and speculation; of greed, and the ignoring of the rights of men. Under "The Crisis in Education" are ranged the Catholics and the non-religious educational ideals, the true relation of school and home, and the parents' function as educators. "Unemployment" invites consideration of the national character of self-reliance; of our natural resources, as contrasted with the maldistribution of wealth; and of the panaceas of

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higher wages and unemployment insurance. The authority of Christ and of parents, the state's proper function, and the basis of international confidence are related in another series. The vital topic of "Adult Education" is outlined in its broad aspects. "The NRA and Social Justice" divides into the various types of cooperation requisite for the proper working of recovery. Finally, "Catholic Action" is studied under the aspects of higher education and the press. "The Spirit of the Gospel and the Cure of Social Ills," the title of the concluding conference, aptly sums up the whole purport of this fine and full program. It is thought of this kind that alone deserves the title of radical, for it alone goes to the roots of reality. A very practical bibliography is appended, including, we are honored to say, some of THE COMMONWEAL'S choicest material on the subject of social justice and recovery.

Jesuit Drama

ONE ECHO of the Vienna *Katholikentag* which still persists has to do with the interesting and successful performance of a "Jesuit drama" which has been rescued only by the most diligent literary historians from the oblivion surrounding most of the humanistic literature of the Counter-Reformation time. "Cenodoxus: The Doctor of Paris," by Jacob Biedermann, dealt in Latin couplets with the fate of a famous scholar who was abandoned by God because all his wisdom and virtue were pure vanity. It is said that during the heyday of the Jesuit advance into South Germany, the throngs who witnessed the play were converted by it and induced —as the historian says—"to go from the theatre to the house of spiritual retreat." Perhaps the modern adaptation which the Burgtheater staged with what must have been unusual skill stirred no such longing for ascetical practice. But it seems to have made a definite appeal as a well-fashioned and engaging play. Would that the spiritual literature of our time were in a position to deserve a similar compliment! Yet in our favor it can be said that in Biederman's time the theatre was still a place where "solid entertainment" was not despised, while in ours it has a difficult time being tolerably decent amusement.

From One Outside

WE DO not usually devote these columns to considering mere personal expressions of opinion, however significant we find them. However, there has come to us a touching tribute to a Catholic enterprise, from a Protestant, in circumstances which preclude our printing it in the Communications section, and we feel sure our readers will thank us for a word of editorial comment upon it. It serves to remind us once more of the vital work performed among our own laity, and to a degree definite if small, among our Protestant brethren, by the institution of the retreat. Mount Alvernia, in Pittsburgh, mother house of the nursing Sisters of Saint Francis, is regularly opened to the lay nurses and students of St. Francis's Hospital for these periods of withdrawal and spiritual refreshment, and the commentator in question recently shared the experience. Her sensitive and generous response recreates the meaning of every detail of a retreat for the Catholic imagination to which it may all have become a matter of course. The quality of the nuns' hospitality, which "honored the guests with strictness, as in their own rule, and indulged them with unusual treats"; the cleansing and tonic silence; most of all the conferences, so human and concrete in their method, so lofty in their unswerving reiteration to these practitioners of a modern and scientific and exacting profession, of the sole purpose of life—"to know God, to love Him and serve Him"—all are recorded at their poetic and spiritual best. All made upon this Protestant mind that profound impression which the soul and genius of our faith unfailingly convey to men and women of good-will. The lesson for us within the fold is twofold: to strive to see these treasures of ours, not with the dulness of familiarity, but with the wonder of the stranger; and even more, to strive in every detail of our own living to communicate to the stranger, not the varying accidents of belief, but the veritable soul and genius of that which we believe.

RUSSIAN RECOGNITION

THOSE newspapers and individuals who for various reasons, ranging from complete agreement with Bolshevism, to purely materialistic arguments of economic or political expediency, or both, are so confidently asserting that the negotiations between President Roosevelt and Russia's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, Litvinoff, are virtually certain to bring about the definite recognition of Russia by the United States, are probably right. Yet such a judgment is premature. While it may be taken for granted that before President Roosevelt made public the correspondence on the subject, negotiations behind the scene had already proceeded to a point at least promising, if not assuring, that an agreement could be reached upon the main issues involved, it may yet be found that such an agreement is still distant. And even if one is reached, it may not last very long. Other countries that have tried to treat with Soviet Russia have had many ups and downs in that difficult business.

THE COMMONWEAL has over and over again published its own appeal, and the arguments of other writers, against the recognition of Russia by this country. We have considered that the

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enhanced world prestige which the organized atheism of Russia would gain by such a formal recognition would be a loss to religion, and to all forms of civilization based upon or still influenced by religion, outweighing all the advantages in trade or in the arena of international politics which the proponents of recognition claim for that policy. Yet it may be that the blow, real as it would be, might serve as no other event could do to awaken Christianity to the mortal peril of Bolshevism. That peril is worse than even the prospect of the ultimate success of a world revolution led and dominated by Russian Bolshevism. That is still the definite plan of Soviet Russia. It is true that motives of expediency—the necessity felt by the Russian dictatorship of consolidating its position at home—have led to a marked lessening of the exterior activities of its instrument of world revolution, the Third International. Stalin, through his agent Litvinoff, may deem it quite consistent with his ultimate aims to promise a complete abstention from propaganda in the United States on the part of the Third International, or the diplomatic and consular agents of the Soviet government, if or when formal relations are established. And he may keep his promise, for a long time, or indefinitely—so long as it seems expedient to do so. But that would not mean that bolshevistic propaganda in its most dangerous guise would cease. For that most dangerous guise is the inner capitulation of minds and souls inside the nation to agreement, or to that sympathy which is but one step away from agreement, with Communism—and this is bound to happen. It is happening already, and will be vastly increased by the triumphant success which will mark the progress of Bolshevism if it is at last received on equal terms as a world power by the United States.

It is this growth of militant atheism—of a contagious spirit of the repudiation of all forms of belief in God—which is more dangerous to the nations of the western world, our own among them, than the Red Army of Soviet Russia. Apparently opposing all that may be termed communistic is that other spirit which is vaguely termed Fascism—militant nationalisms of various types—which even although it may retain some sympathy with religious tradition, if not a vital religious faith, is almost as dangerous to religion as Communism itself. This is so because it defies a race, or a nation, or a materialistic cause of some sort or other, and seduces the souls of young people with glamorous idolatries. And still another, and the greatest enemy of religion, coming not from Russia, or from any exterior source, is the failure of Christians to live up to their own principles. Surely it is for this reason that the Pope has called the Christian world to reparation, in this Holy Year commemorating the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the Redemption.

In his most recent book, "The End of Our Time," Nicholas Berdyaev, the Russian orthodox writer, who has recently won so much attention from the deepest thinkers of Europe, in dealing with the Russian Revolution, constitutes himself the voice of those religious exiles from Russia who, although they regard Bolshevism with the utmost horror, recognize their own individual and corporate blame, as Christians, for their failure to live Christianity, and to make it the vital force of their people. He writes as follows, one of many passages which Christians in other lands as yet untorn by atheistic revolution might well ponder:

"The revolution must not be considered only externally, as though one saw in it simply an empirical fact without any relation to *my* spiritual life, and *my* destiny. If a man keeps up that attitude he will choke himself with impotent anger. The revolution did not take place only outside and beyond me, an event having no common measure with my own life and so without any meaning for me; it was also as it were an interior happening within me. Bolshevism has been embodied in Russia and triumphed there because I am what I am, because there was no real spiritual power in me, none of the faith that can move mountains; it is my sin, and an affliction that is visited on me. The suffering that it has caused me is a satisfaction for my failure and my iniquity, for our common failure and our common iniquity; all are responsible for all. This way of living and understanding a revolution is the only one which religion can inspire, the only one that brings any light to the soul."

It may be argued with much plausibility that the policy of Russia's present government brings as a consequence so fundamental a violation of human rights that the American government, and other governments, should make recognition of Russia dependent upon a previous change in Russia's religious policy. But that seems a purely impossible demand at present. There is no government in the world today that is so clearly an expression of the religious faith of its people as to bring such an action within the realm of reality. The only practical reply to Russia's atheism—organized and militant, and conscious of a world mission—and to the spread of a similar spirit within all nations, including our own, is the intensification of religious force among ourselves. Pope after Pope has inspired the Catholic Church to such an effort, none more insistently than the present one. The best answer to Bolshevism within the countries still not deeply infected by its evil spirit—and most emphatically it can be said that ours is such a country—is to fight against those social conditions, and moral evils, which provide an opportunity and some appearance of justification for communistic propaganda, and for actual anti-religious revolutions.

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LABOR AND THE NEW DEAL

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

Over the vast cooperative experiment of the NRA, persistent labor disputes have cast a shadow. Administration leaders declare that strikes should be outlawed; labor itself, without abandoning the right to strike, warns that they should be used only as a last resort. Mr. McKee, well-known Washington correspondent, here treats the strike problem in its broad relation to the national program. In our next issue we will publish a companion article which discusses the labor situation in New York City.—The Editors.

STRIKES and labor disputes, geographically widely scattered, and involving in the aggregate perhaps a quarter of a million breadwinners, projected in mid-October an ominous shadow over industrial America, as the nation, in its vast cooperative experiment, presses on to the recovery goal in a full mobilization of its resources, both moral and physical. Granted by the new deal a bargaining position immeasurably stronger than it ever enjoyed before, and with the federal government for the first time in its history committed to a national labor policy, organized labor has nevertheless placed difficulties in the path of the Roosevelt administration as serious as those which it has faced in bringing some of the major industries under the NRA codes. No blanket indictment can be made against either capital or labor for the industrial turmoil, and the wave of strikes, as the responsible leaders in both groups, in the main, have given the fullest measure of support to the President in his recovery program.

We may accept, as an accurate analysis of the situation, the statement made by President Roosevelt in his address at the dedication of the Samuel Gompers memorial in Washington on October 7 —and Mr. Roosevelt was even then engaged in his great efforts to assure and maintain industrial peace, and knew whereof he spoke. Giving praise to the late Samuel Gompers for his services during the war, in promoting good relations between labor and the government, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"In the field of organized labor there are problems just as there were in the spring of 1917—questions of jurisdiction which have to be settled quickly and effectively in order to prevent the slowing up of the general program. There are the perfectly natural problems of selfish individuals who seek personal gain by running counter to the calm judgment of sound leadership. There are hotheads who think that results can be obtained by noise or violence; there are insidious voices seeking to instill methods or principles which are wholly foreign to the American form of democratic government. On the part of employers there are some who shudder at anything new. There are some who think in terms of dollars and cents instead of in terms of human lives; there are some who themselves would prefer government by a privileged class instead of by the majority rule. But it is clear that the sum of the recalcitrants on both sides cuts a very small figure in the total of employers and employees alike, who are going along wholeheartedly in the war against the depression. The overwhelming majority of the workers understand, as do the overwhelming majority of the employers of the country, that this is no time to seek special privilege, undue advantage, or personal gain, because of the fact of the crisis."

Small comfort is to be derived from those who, gazing in retrospect at the industrial history of the United States, tell us that labor disputes and unrest have featured the end of past depressions. For in no previous depression did the federal government take the lead in the fight for national recovery, as has the Roosevelt administration in the present emergency, by the establishment of the NRA, and the other agencies through which it seeks the reemployment of millions, higher commodity prices, increased national purchasing power, and the speeding up of industrial production. Enlarged buying power is the keystone of the Roosevelt recovery arch, an expansion that must be both speedy and of substantial volume. When five hundred, one hundred or even ten men go on strike, whatever the cause, community purchasing power is reduced by that amount, and there is a neutralization also of recovery efforts in other fields. The calling of a strike that drives hundreds of breadwinners from the payroll squares neither in economic logic, nor in justice to the taxpayers, with the expenditure by the federal government of several million dollars in that community for public works, and direct relief for its jobless. Beyond the direct threat to the recovery program in preventing the much-needed increase in buying power, strikes carry an indirect threat to permanent industrial peace by injecting bitterness into the relations between employers and employees, by sharpening class feeling and enmity, and by impairing, if not destroying, the spirit of teamwork on which the success of the NRA so largely hinges. President Roosevelt and his general staff have had good reason, therefore, for their concern over these labor conflicts.

Workers have gone on strike during the past few weeks for many reasons. Some have followed the orders of ambitious labor leaders who have fomented strikes for their personal gain. Contro-

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versies over wages "and conditions of labor" loom large in the picture. The recovery codes have established minimum wages in all industries whose codes have been approved, but the establishment of a minimum level of compensation will not in itself prevent clashes between employees and employers over wages in the higher brackets. In their eagerness to move forward to the increased purchasing power which is a fundamental element in the recovery program, some of the employees groups have failed to understand, as clearly as they should, that the employer, if during the depression he has been merely living from hand to mouth, cannot immediately meet the higher wage scales of the NRA. He must necessarily wait until increased business swells his depleted revenues. Provisions of the NRA codes relating to hours of work lie behind some of the disputes that have resulted in strikes. Jurisdictional contests between individual unions have resulted in many strikes; and even in the national capital, work on several government buildings has been stopped because of jurisdictional controversies between two or more union labor groups.

The demand for union recognition has caused many of the strikes in the current wave, and this demand, in one form or another, underlies a large part of the present industrial unrest. During the lean years that set in when 1929 drew to a close, organized labor, like other national organizations, suffered membership losses. In 1932 the American Federation of Labor had a membership of 2,532,261. As stated above, in the codes of fair competition, the new deal has enormously fortified the bargaining position of organized labor, but it has done something more. It has given a powerful impetus to the expansion of the existing labor organizations. These groups have made large gains in membership since the Recovery Act was placed on the statute books. The United Mine Workers of America, for example, has added 250,000 members to its rolls, and President William Green, of the American Federation of Labor, has placed at 1,300,000 the gains for the year, and has fixed his membership goal at 25,000,000. Labor leaders take the view that further unionization of workers is essential if they are to obtain from the NRA its maximum benefits.

Said the executive council of the A. F. of L., in its report to the convention in October:

> The real instrumentality which the worker must utilize in order to promote his economic welfare is his trade union. With it he can achieve much through the operation and application of the National Recovery Act, but without it he will fail to gain the minimum of benefits provided in the act. In fact the National Recovery Act has served to emphasize the need of wage earner organization, cooperation and collective organization.

In his speech to the convention, President Green went beyond this:

> I am of the opinion that the time has arrived when the success of the Industrial Recovery Act requires unionization, the complete unionization of all the workers in every trade and in every calling in every city and town of the nation.

No part of the Recovery Act has figured more prominently in the public prints than the now famous Section 7A—the collective bargaining provision. All the NRA codes must contain the following conditions, says Section 7A:

> (1) That employees shall have the right to organize and bargain collectively, through representatives of their own choosing, and shall be free from the interference, restraint or coercion of employers of labor, or their agents, in the designation of such representatives or in self-organization, or in other concerted activities for the purpose of collective bargaining or other mutual aid or protection. (2) That no employee and no one seeking employment shall be required as a condition of employment to join any company union or to refrain from joining, organizing or assisting a labor organization of his own choosing. (3) That employers shall comply with the maximum hours of labor, minimum rates of pay, and other conditions of employment, as set by the President.

Administrator Hugh S. Johnson has ruled that the plain meaning of this subsection cannot be changed by anyone's interpretation, and he has ruled also that the words "open shop" and "closed shop" cannot be written into the law, with orders that they be "erased from the dictionary of the NRA." The collective bargaining provisions, says Johnson, can mean only one thing and that is that employees can choose anyone they want to represent them, or they can choose to represent themselves, and that employers, for their part, can make collective bargains with organized employees, or individual agreements with those who perfer to act individually, provided these agreements violate no federal or state laws. "But neither employers nor employees are required by law to agree to any particular contract, whether proposed as an individual or collective agreement," rules the NRA. Section 7A is fundamental to an understanding of the place of labor under the new deal, guaranteeing to labor, as it does, the right to organize and to collective bargaining through representatives of its own choosing. Alleged attempts of certain industrialists to require their workers to belong to company unions and the alleged discharge by employers of union members have been the cause of some of the recent strikes.

Though they have not absolutely denied to labor the right to strike, spokesmen for the new deal have issued a solemn warning as to the dangers which inhere in a resort to the strike. Administra-

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tor Johnson, with his characteristic forthrightness, told the A. F. of L.:

> Thus from the beginning to the end of this process you are given a complete and highly effective protection of your rights. The plain stark truth is that you cannot tolerate the strike. Public opinion is the essential power in this country. In the end it will break down and destroy every subversive influence. If now, when the whole power of this government and its people are being given to an effort to maintain to the ultimate the rights of every man who works for pay—if you permit or countenance this economic sabotage, then public confidence and public opinion will turn against you and the turn will either be to the extreme right or the extreme left, and either would result in your destruction, as you know better than I can tell you.

Matthew Woll, vice-president of the A. F. of L., took issue with Johnson, in his statement that strikes were economic sabotage, pointing out in a letter to Frank Powers, president of the Commercial Telegraphers Union, "stoppage of work should be, we all agree, the final resort when oppression becomes unbearable and when all other agencies fail." Though insisting that the right to strike is fundamental, and one the workers must not yield, President Green counseled workers not to utilize the strike except as a last resort, but rather to make the fullest possible use of the arbitration machinery set up under the recovery program to assure industrial peace.

Through this machinery, labor is assured of a square deal all along the line. Labor not only sits with industry in the preparation of the codes, but under the NRA a system of industrial courts has been set up before which labor can submit its grievances. Early in August President Roosevelt established the National Labor Board, placing as its head Senator Robert Wagner of New York, one of the authors of the Recovery Act, as good a friend as labor has had in the Senate in many a year. Regional boards have also been established, and provision has been made in some of the codes for arbitration machinery within the industry. As an agency for the emergency settlement of disputes, the National Labor Board has already been able to send many thousands of strikers back to work, their grievances adjusted, and with the active cooperation of the conciliation service of the Department of Labor, headed by Hugh Kerwin, a veteran conciliator, will continue to play the rôle of umpire in clashes between industry and labor. The Labor Board has as yet wielded no big stick; at present it relies rather on voluntary action, and the power of public opinion to achieve its goal, and to impress on all groups the fact that the Recovery Act has abandoned the philosophy of conflict. The great test of the board will come when one or both parties refuse to accept its decision.

Labor has moved forward to a new place of power in American society, and through the NRA it has been given the machinery for attaining national labor standards. But power, in a democracy, carries with it a responsibility proportioned to the magnitude of that power, and if public opinion is not later to turn against organized labor, as it has turned in the past against a group or a class that places its own interest above those of the people as a whole, those who control organized labor and its policies must needs proceed with a full realization of these responsibilities. For there is a danger that this power will be abused, and a fair balance between all groups of American people is essential if we are to be a happy and not a divided household.

Hearings on some of the codes have thrown much light into the dark corners of American industry; they have directed public attention to the evils of child labor, to the demoralizing effects of the sweat-shop, to man's inhumanity through the payment of starvation wages, and long hours in the factory or shop. Thanks to the minimum wage and other provisions of the recovery codes, most of these evils will be eliminated, and labor henceforth can look forward to vastly improved working conditions and labor standards.

If the spotlight has disclosed much that is sordid, much greed, much that shames the name of America for enlightenment, it has likewise revealed many instances of cooperation between employers and employees, a display of the finest kind of teamwork, the recognition by employers of the rights of their employees through cooperation with labor organizations, and a realization by the workers that their welfare and that of those dependent on them rest on the prosperity of those who have given them employment. Industrial partnership is the key that will open the door to prosperity for both groups, but neither capital nor labor can safely attempt to dominate the new partnership, by resort to a policy of "hogging" the benefits.

All Souls

Now when the grey first mists rise on the fields
These still November days, and joyfully
Red leaves from their slow lingering now set free
Pass to enrich the earth; when autumn yields
Glad cries of migrant birds from northern wealds
Flying the sea in eager company
To warmer lands than ours—for our dull sky
No southern sun from threatening winter shields—

Do we not dream in these November days
Of homing souls through fields of Paradise
Bound for the land where light shines evermore?
Do we not tarry in the mist to raise
With fear, with hope, beyond the sea our eyes
To catch the glory of the further shore?

ELEANOR SHIPLEY DUCKETT.

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CHARLEY

By MARION GRUBB

BAREFOOT CHARLEY is " not right," the villagers say; and they ought to know. There are many "queer" folks on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, where Charley's village lies. It is an old section as sections go in the United States. For over a century the same families have lived together, married, reared their families, married again, so that now it is safe to say that practically all the members of families of the same class are cousins. If this is true of the whites, it is even more true of the Negroes, who have never been overparticular in providing for the next generation. The only difference seems to lie in the use of words. Negroes are "not right"; white people, if they belong to "nice" families, are merely "queer" or "nervous."

Thus it was said that old Dr. Ketchum, who would not permit anyone to pass him any dish at table, but collected around his plate sugar, bread, butter, etc., in special dishes, was merely queer. Mrs. White, the postmaster's wife, who had hysterics every time one of her daughters went driving with a young man, and called the whole family downstairs in the middle of the night whenever there was a thunderstorm, was nervous. Her son she never permitted to do anything that other boys did; he could not swim, row, or even drive a horse, and this in a horse and boat country, but helped about the house with the bed-making and dusting, just like a girl. It was no wonder he was queer and nervous.

In the village many people live alone. This fact contributes, no doubt, to the prevalent queerness. We counted one day twenty-one houses in a village of three hundred where but one person lived. Most of them were occupied by old maids, the last or the most "peculiar" (that was another word for it) of the family. Others were occupied by widows whose sons had gone to Baltimore or to Easton because they could not stand the village any longer.

The majority of the villagers were women; there never had been enough men to go around. Most of the women who had married had married the wrong men, because the right ones had gone away. Barefoot Charley would look after their feminine belongings. He was "not right"; there was nothing else for him to do.

Nobody seems to know just how it happened that old Charley became the guardian angel and patron saint of the village. He just drifted into doing what was there to be done. One reason may have been that he stood a little apart from the other Negroes. Even now they shun him, for he is not like the rest of them. He is very silent, never laughs, never sings, never walks faster when he passes the graveyard. He has a way of muttering to himself as he walks along; so he walks by himself.

Nobody knows how old he is, and he does not know himself. He cannot count, and he can neither read nor write. Old Mr. Higman, who is ninety, remembers him as a young man working on one of the Merrick farms more than sixty years ago, but he does not look old. He is immensely tall and very straight, and he is stronger than any man, white or black or brown, in the whole countryside. That is because he has eaten black snakes' hearts raw; it makes you very strong. He has also eaten screech-owls' tongues, for the screech-owls talk with the dead, and the dead are always talking with old Charley, telling him marvelous tales about Jeezlam, the abode of the dead. He spends the night in the graveyard now and then, and the dead tell him where there is trouble in the village.

So it happened when Bob Sheetz began driving his ice-truck twenty miles down the Du Pont Highway at four o'clock in the morning to see the flowers with the dew on them, old Charley knew; he used to walk out to meet him, and ride back with him in the truck. Bob was "not right." When his wife went to the Fourth of July picnic at Tinker's Creek, he went out into the back yard and put a bullet through his head. Old Charley was just passing; he took down a shutter and helped to carry Bob in.

It was not long after that, I believe, that Marjorie Traintor began talking to herself as she sat in the swing on the porch during the summer evenings. She had always been queer, and her husband was away a great deal, on a bay steamer. When they were married they had planted two maples just in front of the house, and for years the trees had shaded the porch in the afternoons, until the town council decided to pave the village, and the trees had to be cut down. Marjorie kept on sitting in the very spot where the trees used to shade the porch. It was blistering hot there in July. She rocked very fast, or swung high in the porch-swing, like a child. People did not notice much.

But one morning when old Charley happened to come in very early, he heard Sarah Givens whispering loudly across the hedge to Jane Starr, and Jane Starr ran over and whispered through the morning-glory vine on her porch to Sally Parks, who always lays out the people who have

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died queer deaths. Marjorie had hanged herself the night before to a beam in the attic. She had used a rope of silk stockings. Barefoot Charley lounged past to the Traintors' and when he got there, asked of the whispering, excited neighbor women, "Ain't you got somethin' fo' me to do?" And they set him to work at manifold tasks. He must move all the furniture out of the parlor; that would do to begin with. All day he works, on such occasions, doing whatever is needed, carrying heavy loads, beating rugs, scrubbing porches, getting ready for the funeral. Then, when it is over, he goes home, unpaid.

Nobody knows exactly where he lives. It is miles beyond the edge of the wheat-field that bounds the village to the east. Now and then during the winter he has been persuaded to stay in the village at night and sleep in somebody's furnace-room; but early in the spring he goes back to the woods, and all summer he walks into town very early, striding down the middle of the road, barefoot, clad in dirt-colored trousers, fringed at the knees like Robinson Crusoe's, a khaki tunic, wide open over his naked chest, a "gu-anna" sack with an axe in it hung over his back, and a child's toboggan cap flattened into a sort of pie on the very top of his kinky head. This is old Charley, coming in early to do the work of the village, merely because it is there to be done, and without reward. Money means nothing to him. He wants only food and an occasional gift of something that nobody else would care for. "White folks' flingaways is nigger treasures," he says, when he finds a wheel from a toy wagon, or a door-knob, or a handleless cup. "Kin I have this, Missy?"

Day in, day out, he works for the housewives of the village, weeding flower-beds and gardens, digging potatoes, mowing lawns, taking trunks to and from the station, beating rugs, moving furniture at house-cleaning time, or funeral-time, or wedding-time, taking stoves out of summer storage, or putting them away in the spring. There is no end to his usefulness, and to the hard work he does, all for nothing. Sometimes he says he has "plenty money now." Sometimes he says, "Dis ain't fo' me; no, ma'am!" Sometimes he says, "Mist' Jones pay me."

He has an idea that Mist' Jones, a local merchant, owns him; and if one of the ladies in the village wants him to beat rugs or pick the dried butterbeans, she enlists the aid of Mist' Jones, often without result; for Barefoot Charley has no notion of being a saint or martyr. He strides off in apparent obedience. When he comes back he reports that "Miss Helen she do' wan' no butterbeans picked." But he had not been near Miss Helen.

He had been helping old Miss Aggie to move from her little home into the rooms above the post office. Miss Aggie had lost her job at Trott's general store after twenty years' service. Sarah Givens whispered to Jane Starr over the rose hedge what a shame it was, and "they say Ben Trott hasn't paid her a cent for the past four years!" All that winter old Charley brought in wood and coal for Miss Aggie and "toted" the five-gallon "coal-oil" can from the store for her. When he started home he always asked her, "Missy, is you got nuff wood? Is you got nuff coal? Old Charley bring some nice kindlin' in de mawnin'."

Once he has left the village, it is hard to communicate with him, and unless he has some dependents like Miss Aggie, he does not come in every day. So when housewives want to take up the canna bulbs or send a box from home to Mary away at school, they send one of the children to the Four Corners to leave a message with one of the soapbox sages there; and some time during the day old Charley will probably (if he has not another idea, or somebody else does not reach him first) lounge along into the village to attend to the job.

He has been in the service of the village for so long that he has accumulated a good deal of equipment. He has a wheelbarrow, an axe, a lawnmower, a pair of hedge-clippers, ice-tongs—heaven knows what else—and he uses them so hard that they often wear out. The wheelbarrow has seen hard service. It has carried many and various loads: army-lockers for young men going to France or to a training camp; wardrobe trunks for boarding-school girls going to Western Maryland or to Washington College; traveling bags for week-enders from the Hopkins summer school; a crate of eggs now and then for Miss Helen, or a box of books for one of the parsons; a bag of screenings for chickens or corn for somebody's horse; loads of stove-wood for Rachel and Rose, the "cracked" washerwomen who lived down by the railroad and kept so many stray dogs. There came a day when Sarah Givens whispered across the hedge to Jane Starr that the Board of Health had had those two women arrested. One of the dogs had died and they had laid it out in the best bedroom on the white knitted spread. They would not let anyone come into the house, and they would not bury Jock because they couldn't bear to part with him. Did you ever! Old Charley buried Jock, carrying him away on his wheelbarrow under a bag of leaf-mold for somebody's roses.

He takes it as a matter of course that he is to perform these tasks. If he refuses, it is never because he is tired, it is because there is somebody else he would rather serve; and once having refused, no pleading nor promise of reward will budge him. "No, Missy, dis yere wheelbarrow she say she ain' goin' do no mo' work today; she mought never do no more."

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HOW TO HANDLE CATHOLIC NEWS

By CLEM LANE

OUR DAILY newspapers can obtain Catholic news. Church authorities will cooperate with newspapermen in supplying material for presentation of articles on the Catholic Church. Views strongly to the contrary have appeared in several recent issues of THE COMMONWEAL. Before examining the merit of certain statements made in support of such views, let the writer set forth the situation in Chicago, particularly his own experience in quest of Catholic news.

Seven years ago the Twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress was held in Chicago, and one of its by-products was that the city's great dailies became church-conscious, acutely so, and the clergy publicity-minded.

The congress brought to Chicago eleven cardinals, scores of prelates, seven thousand priests, hundreds of nuns and a million visitors—the figures are from the secular press. Such a congregation of notables and numbers made its impression on the editors of the city and each paper assigned its best men, together with lesser lights by the dozen, to cover the ceremonies of the congress. For days the newspapers ran riot with Catholic news and Catholic pictures and forever laid the ghost, at least in Chicago, that daily newspapers are averse to printing Catholic news.

Some time before the congress opened, His Eminence, Cardinal Mundelein, had ordered set up a comprehensive press bureau. There newspapermen were amply supplied with the technical information necessary for accurate writing. That information furnished the background for some of the best descriptive writing, in my judgment as a newspaperman, ever done in this country.

The great days of the congress ended and with the congress went the press bureau. But the congress and the press bureau had had salutary effects. The congress had demonstrated to newspaper editors in striking fashion the greatness, at least in point of numbers, of the Catholic Church. The press bureau had shown newspapermen that priests were willing to cooperate in supplying information about the Church, and the newspapers welcomed an opportunity to print Catholic news. Since that time Chicago dailies have covered major Catholic events there comprehensively and accurately. Mark that I said major Catholic events. In covering these events there has always been cordial cooperation on the part of the clergy.

The clergy having become publicity-minded, there has since been a constant dribble into newspaper offices of items about novenas, missions, jubilee celebrations and the like. Three years ago when the Catholic Youth Organization—known to Chicago as the C. Y. O.—was formed to enlist Catholic boys and young men in an organized athletic program, with spiritual overtones, the directors wisely set up a department of public relations, and our sports pages record almost daily the various activities of the C. Y.O.

The two morning dailies of general circulation in Chicago have had religious editors for some years, and occasionally have had articles dealing with Catholic activities, but many of these articles were of the trivial novena-mission-parish picnic type of news. The afternoon dailies contented themselves with covering major Catholic events in the efficient manner in which any good news story is covered and in giving proper space to the trivial items that reached them by mail or the personal visit of an interested cleric or layman.

Now to come to the writer's own experience in covering Catholic news.

Last November the afternoon daily on which I am employed as a rewrite man (the rewrite man is that newspaper jack of all trades who writes the fast-breaking "spot news" stories of the day from information telephoned him by the reporter or reporters at the scene of the happening) decided that each Saturday it would have a church page to detail the activities of the churches of the city. The page was placed in charge of a reporter who when not newspapering is pastor of a Presbyterian church. Several weeks passed and there was a dearth of Catholic news on the page (which brought a comment from the publisher's office) and the reporter-pastor-church editor appealed to me as a Catholic, with some spare time during office hours, to come to his aid.

The thought behind our church page was to make it a news page—not a series of church and parish announcements, but a page with articles on movements of great import, readable personality sketches, feature stories wherein the human marched shoulder to shoulder with the pious, and I use "pious" in its best sense. That was the general program and I had volunteered to supply the Catholic part of it. What to write about? There were no hand-outs (newspaper term for press agent items). So I had recourse to the *New World*, archdiocesan weekly, which I had been reading for years as a Catholic and which I now began to read as a newspaperman. The exact sort of story I had in mind was not forthcoming but there were leads that saw me over the first days.

The thing to do about the Catholic news situation, I decided, was to organize it just as a news-

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paperman does when he is sent to cover a general news "run" or "beat," such as the city hall, the courts, politics, labor or the legislature. He goes the rounds, introducing himself to all and sundry, making friendly contact with the key news sources, watching for feature stories, keeping a calendar for day to day developments; in short, seeking to know everyone and everything in his particular sphere. The first step in this plan was to introduce myself and, being office-tied, I could do it only by means of a by-line (newspaperese for a signed article) which would identify my name with Catholic news. The other steps in the program could be taken as time and Providence permitted.

Those first Catholic articles of mine were worth little from a news standpoint but they had the desired effect, they introduced me to my "beat." After the first two or three stories, dug up with some difficulty despite their triviality, suggestions began to trickle in by mail and telephone, suggestions for stories more in keeping with the news program of our church page.

Then came articles about a two-fisted barrel-chested Franciscan priest who started a "hotel" for unemployed youths in a tumble-down building in the stockyards district and whose enterprise has grown to a chain of homes caring for hundreds; about the archdiocesan school system with its 200,000 pupils; on the social justice program of the National Catholic Alumni Federation; features about the St. Jude League, Catholic policemen's organization, and on the centennial celebration of Old St. Mary's, first Catholic church in Chicago, particularly timely because of the Century of Progress exposition. With each article came suggestions for others, came new vistas. I was amazed at the wealth of news material, a trifle ashamed, too, that I had known so little of what was happening in my native archdiocese.

The article about Old St. Mary's had sent me delving into the history of Chicago, had given me a picture of the poverty of that first handful of Chicago Catholics that had petitioned for a resident priest. So when along came "The Official Catholic Directory," I saw at once what could be done in a story sketching the amazing growth of the Church in Chicago, showing how it had kept pace with the rapid march of Chicago from a village in a swamp to a world metropolis. The archdiocesan weekly reprinted the article in full, gave it the eight-column banner of its lead story. I mention this because it placed a sort of *Nihil obstat* on the articles I had been writing, and I mention it as a refutation of the charge that Catholic newspapers are averse to cooperating on Catholic news with the secular press for fear of circulation loss —for here was a handsome advertisement for our church page. Several other Catholic weeklies have reprinted our Catholic articles, giving further evidence of lack of hostility to the secular press.

My own experience, apart from these citations, is that I have been able to get any information I needed, not only from the archdiocesan weekly, but also from the official publications of Catholic fraternities. And the trickle of items and suggestions is now a steady stream that grows weekly.

The Catholic articles were beginning to stir up the other newspapers, too. There was one about a solemn canonical hearing being held in Chicago to determine the sanctity of Mother Frances Xavier Cabrini, founder of the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart, an order which has two hospitals in Chicago. It was a good news story from our viewpoint, for Mother Cabrini was a naturalized American citizen, and had spent the last years of her life in Chicago, and this was Chicago's first experience with this type of church court. Within a few days after that article had appeared on our church page, every daily in Chicago, including our own, began devoting columns on the regular news pages to the hearing. This was true, too, in a half-dozen other instances.

The writer has quoted the record at some length, for out of that record have come certain thoughts and conclusions and they are not wholly in accord with the views which had gone unchallenged in THE COMMONWEAL when this was being written.

One conclusion is that the metropolitan dailies are as much at fault as the Church in the Catholic news situation, the dailies from a newspaper standpoint, the Church for failing to utilize more generally one of the best means for the spread of its message. No competent newspaper editor would seek to get news of Congress, the legislature, the sports world or any other regular source by a haphazard telephone call or the hurried assignment of a reporter who had little knowledge of "what it's all about." Yet every newspaperman knows that that is the method by which Catholic news is generally covered. That this is poor newspaper business, from a circulation as well as an editorial standpoint, particularly in cities such as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston where the Catholic bulks large in the population, is obvious.

The average editor is sufficiently church-minded to cover outstanding Catholic events, but in this he is like a sports editor who would devote space only to the world series or a championship prize-fight, and so I say he is at fault. He is at fault, too, in failing to have several members of his staff regularly assigned to the task of gathering Catholic news. A few hours a week, and I speak from my own experience, is all that is necessary, but the assignment should be regular so such reporters may become identified with Catholic news. Nowhere is friendship, particularly friendship based on confidence and trust, so valuable as in the newspaper business. Every experienced newspaperman has learned that a telephone call to a person who knows him as an accurate, trustworthy reporter

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usually obtains a full story, whereas another reporter calling the same person on the same story but lacking his acquaintanceship and confidence may well be thrust off with a few meager details. And the experience is that the higher the person, the more important the story, the greater necessity there is for that friendship and trust. That is as true of church officials as it is of senators, mayors and the like when approached by newspapermen.

The Church, too, is at fault in this Catholic news situation. Its fault like that of the newspaper editors is one of omission. To restate the simile, church authorities generally are like baseball club owners who would suggest to the newspapers a baseball article only when the world series is being held. But church officials are willing to cooperate with any newspaperman who sets himself definitely to the task of an accurate presentation of church news. Once a newspaperman has persuaded them his columns are open to all legitimate news concerning the Church, they will go to some length to see that that news is supplied.

So to my mind we have a condition where the newspapers are willing to print Catholic news and the Church is pleased to have it printed. The situation, as I see it, is much akin to that comic strip of another day—the two overly polite Frenchmen, one of whom said, "You first, my dear Alphonse," and the other replied, "After you, my dear Gaston." The situation could be remedied by the hierarchy, particularly in the metropolitan centers where a priest might well be spared for a task that each day grows in importance.

Let a priest with some writing ability but yet not connected with any Catholic publication be assigned in our bigger cities to the task of publicity. As a newspaper reporter I would see him a man in his thirties, of mature judgment, one who knows the dignity of his office but who can establish man to man relations with reporters, one, particularly for this day, who knows the growing Catholic movement for social justice, and a man who knows his diocese intimately, its personnel, its overtones and undertones. I see him taking a course in journalism at a standard school to learn what newspapermen think is the "what," the "who," the "why," the "when," the "how" and the "where" of news. I see him taking a postgraduate course from an advisory council formed of Catholics who are employed in the rush and bustle of the general news hunt. I see him not as a censor, not as a watchdog, not the man locking the stable door after the horse has departed into the night, but a news-source Catholic, competent and cordial.

What good does Catholic news do? To the record once more. A retreat chairman told me an article I wrote on the laymen's retreat movement in metropolitan Chicago sent to him a man and his wife who have since been received in the Church. What good? Who can measure it?

HOLY YEAR NOTES FROM ROME

By JAMES W. LANE

MANY of these cool early autumn mornings, after going to Mass in Santa Maria degli Angeli, that church which Michelangelo so cleverly inserted in the Baths of Diocletian and which contains nothing so gorgeous as a statue of Saint Bruno by Houdon, I take my coffee or chocolate in a *caffè* by the Piazza Esedra and marvel at the steady stream of humanity. The majority are pilgrims, for Rome this year belongs to them; from all points of the compass they are coming into the city on every train, and many by autobus. Recently on the Via Veneto French seemed the only language one could hear, so numerous are the pilgrims from France, and many from other countries speak French. They come from Germany, Spain, England, America, as well as all parts of Italy. The Spanish and the English arrived in numbers the latter part of September, the former in gigantic motor buses from Barcelona, the latter, especially from the Liverpool diocese, making the twenty-seventh pilgrimage from England this year. I have seen Japanese priests, a Tibetan or Chinese monk, and Hindus with turbans. One Sunday a car with Turkish or Persian license plates drove up to S. Agnese in the Piazza Navona. If you try to get into conversation with an Italian-looking priest, he may turn out to be Portuguese! Two women next to me in an audience with the Pope had come from Lima, Peru.

Priests, monks, or nuns usually accompany each group. My particular hotel accommodates many Belgians. Before five-thirty every morning, I can hear a rat-a-tat-tat on each pilgrim's door as one of the group wakes the others for early Mass. They lead an arduous life, these pilgrims, in spite of the fact that they journey about in taxicabs and "rubber-neck wagons." For sightseeing in Rome is a grueling job, and I find that averaging ten churches a week is enough for my digestion. But the pilgrims must be made of granite. They seem to go everywhere and be everywhere, and toward the close of the day you can find several hundred of them ending up at the zoo for relaxation.

Going to church for Mass, Benediction, or prayers is one of the best ways both to see and re-

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member beautiful churches. At the altar of the Madonna in the Borghese Chapel of St. Mary Major's, for instance, one can feast his eyes on the beauty of the altar and drink in the loveliness of the painting of Our Lady ascribed to Saint Luke. He will remember always the true table of the Last Supper preserved behind the bronze relief above the altar of the Blessed Sacrament in St. John Lateran's. Or, if in St. Paul's, at the altar of Our Lady, he will enjoy the beauty of the malachite of which it is made, the gift of Czar Nicholas I to Gergory XVI.

All the churches contain pilgrims at all hours these days, from the very largest, like Il Gesù, S. Carlo al Corso, SS. Apostoli, and S. Marcello, to the very smallest, like S. Carlino, S. Maria in Vienna, or S. Clemente. But it is the four largest basilicas that are the most crowded, since the plenary indulgences granted this Jubilee Year by Our Holy Father are to be gained by three visits made to each basilica and the recitation there of certain prayers. In fact, in these large basilicas the numbers of pilgrims are staggering. Fancy three quarters of the nave of St. Mary Major's so packed with them that one could not make his way through. St. Peter's swallows the crowds up more easily; the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, the one containing the Pollaiuolo bronze of Sixtus IV, could take in a thousand or more. It is most edifying to watch the groups going from altar to altar. The leader carries a large wooden cross which awaits him at the Porta Santa of the basilica for his use. Sometimes the pilgrims sing very well indeed; once in St. Mary Major's the strains of "Adora Te" and the "Salve Regina," sung by a group of young men, came to me thrillingly the whole distance of that great basilica.

It is the gigantic scale of St. Peter's and the color of the marbles and bronzes which contribute the impression of beauty, as otherwise the décor is cold and at times ugly. The paintings above each altar, it is worth remarking, are not actually paintings but mosaic copies. The method of such faithful copying and simulation of pigment is one of those closely guarded secrets, passed on from generation to generation of Vatican mosaicists, and which never has gone out of Vatican hands. The aim, of course, is preservation in perpetuity of the design and color of the original work of art. Instead of rotting or dust-laden or repainted canvases, here are ever-fresh versions of the chef-d'oeuvres of the masters. Admittedly a good few of the mosaics look like oleographs. The charming haze in a distant landscape which the painter put on canvas is lost. Raphael's "Transfiguration" in mosaic fares but badly. One or two of the mosaic altar-pieces are distinctly bad. Yet several, like the Domenichino "Communion of Saint Jerome," the Guido Reni "Saint Michael," "The Mass of Saint Basil" by Subleyras, and Maratta's "Baptism," are extremely fine, preserving the bright shimmering elegance of Renaissance painting.

On September 7, I was present at the Mass said by the Pope in this great basilica. It was one of the memorable events of a lifetime. The Pope comes but rarely into St. Peter's; however, this year he is making a great effort for the pilgrims. I am sure no one in the Church works harder than he, and he is seventy-six. This particular Mass was for the Avanguardisti and Young Girls of Italy. The Avanguardisti are the young boys of eighteen or over who are being trained in Fascist discipline for military service. Fortunately I had seen a thumb-nail notice of the Mass in the *Osservatore Romano,* and secured tickets at the Vatican on September 6. Even at the American College they had not known of the pontificial Mass before that morning. Think of the lack of publicity, and yet there must have been fifty thousand people on hand next day trying to get into the basilica. The Mass was scheduled on the tickets for quarter past seven. I was in the streets at six o'clock waiting for a bus that never came. Two old women, who had been waiting since five, shared a taxi to St. Peter's with me. Upon our arrival we found a huge crowd in the piazza, already barricaded by a wooden fence guarded by *carabinieri* until the proper time for their admittance. It was necessary for the Avanguardisti and Young Girls of Italy, of whom there were about ten thousand, to be accommodated first. In they marched, accompanied by several bands. Then there was a rush! We others wanted to get in.

After both papal *carabinieri* and Palatine guards had succeeded in clearing the lane of march and the entrances in St. Peter's, the doors of the basilica were closed. At twenty minutes of eight huge rep curtains shutting off the chapel of Michelangelo's "Pietà," where the Pope's elevator had brought him from his own apartments, were drawn aside and the procession entered to the tune of "Christus Vincit," gorgeously played by a brass band. In the midst of the procession was borne the Pope, clothed in red and seated high on the *sedia gestatoria.* One man near the entrance literally yelled "Viva il Papa" continuously, and I lost the rest of his Italian in the flood of emotion that overcame it. The whole congregation of fifty thousand souls were crying now "Viva il Papa." People waved handkerchiefs as the papal chair approached and passed them, with Pius XI giving his benediction urbanely to everybody. Applause mingled with cheers and acclamation.

The papal altar reached, the Pope was lowered from his chair and I, who was at the back of the church, lost sight of him. Many people around me, however, did not, for they had brought mirrors which, after they had turned their backs on the altar, they raised above their heads and could thus follow the celebration of Mass.

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But having no such instrument with which to see, I had to depend upon the words of the Sanctus brought to me by a loud-speaker above the spandrels of an aisle vault, the silver trumpets that at the Elevation played the "Largo" of Silveri, and, at the end of Mass, the sung "Te Deum."

Probably I shall never again go to a low Mass which lasts over an hour, for it was at nine o'clock that, Mass said, the procession started back. If the cheers were great before, this time they seemed doubled. People were crying or starry-eyed with joy. As the *sedia gestatoria,* a gilt and red velvet chair with rounded back, reached the end of the nave, it was turned about and the Pope, facing the altar, gave his blessing to the people once more, standing up to do so. Then, preceded by various chamberlains, the head of the Palatine guard, and some cardinals and archbishops, he was carried into the chapel of the "Pietà" and the rep curtains closed over the procession.

It is especially by the Bronze Door and in the stairways and halls of the Vatican Palace, mounting the steps for their audiences with the Pope, that one notices the great crowds of pilgrims. One Sunday hundreds of young Hungarians in uniform and headed by a brass band, came out of St. Peter's, queue-ed across the square, and turned at the Bronze Door. So fatigued has the Pope been, having to walk in front of thousands of pilgrims daily, morning and afternoon, in order that they might kiss his ring that, about September 12, he announced he would discontinue this practice at the audiences.

His Holiness, Pius XI, whom I have been fortunate enough to see twice in ten days, is one of the strongest figures in the line of Popes. His dignity is so simple that you realize that you have been in the presence of one of the great men in the world today. For here is the Vicar of Our Lord on earth, the head of the Church, the one institution guided by eternal principles.

The Old Servant

For fifty years she had turned back the spread
And smoothed the wrinkles from each linen sheet,
Tucked in the blankets 'round her mistress' feet,
Fluffed up the pillows for her mistress' head.
At first she snuffed the candle's petaled flame,
In later years turned low the lamp's gold tongue.
Still later pulled a cord, while shadows flung
Their shapes away. The darkness was the same.

But now the last goodnight was said, and she
Stood anxious by the grave, then peered within.
Her eyes grew quiet, and a tender thin
Smile gentled her mouth. "Just as it should be,
Dry," she said. She turned away. "Now nothing mars
Her sleep," she said. God could put out His stars.

MARION BOYD.

A DAY AT AN EXHIBITION

By ALEX. McGAVICK

OFTEN in the dark of the night I wonder about my taste in art. Is it as fine as I make it out to be? I am always grubbing in minor masters, instead of gawking at the very proper giants. Like Caspar Milquetoast I avoid the crowds. It's very sad.

Here was a splendid art exhibit in Chicago in connection with its World's Fair. A thousand masterpieces worth entire $75,000,000! Big names everywhere, El Greco, Courbet, Cézanne, Corot, a million-dollar Titian, the hardy American perennial, Whistler's "Mother." You think, do you, that I spent the summer gasping at these giants, that I am going to tell you about their glory? Be disappointed. I was in the sleepier rooms. Why Whistler's "Mother," before whom hordes swoon daily, I hardly gave a sniff! I stalked moodily past her, crawled into an obscure corner, and stared for hours at a lady named "Addie." That's how it is.

Let me tell you about "Addie." She's a dull portrait in somber reds, a plain-faced New England woman in a tight-collared Victorian blouse. Faint red lines play through the collar and down the blouse. Nothing remarkable save that the painter is Thomas Eakins, which makes her very remarkable. Those red lines, for example. You will not notice for some time (so nonchalant are they) that they form a very intricate design among themselves and that their frail mass balances perfectly the dark precise headmass above. A good picture, but no one knows it for the competition.

With Titians and Tintorettos scintillant on the walls, what was the picture I was most anxious to see? I tramped miles of gallery space to stick my obnoxious head into a landscape by —Joachim Patinir! You don't know Patinir. No one ever does. As for me, Aldous Huxley informed me. In the dear dead days when Aldous, young, did not fasten the evil eye on people, he wrote a number of travel essays, one on the beauty of Patinir's river. He wrote so exquisite a vignette that for years I have desired in the loneliness of my heart to see a Patinir river. Which accounts for my nearly knocking over two terribly expensive Da Vincis while I explored the Fleming.

The river was there, all right, and beautiful: back of a Holy Family (very Cranach) resting on the Flight. Still, exquisite, like blue glass, it flowed far away into blue-hazed, blue-castled hills, through quiet valleys, past silent trees. I had gone a long way when finally my dazed eyes had traversed that river's far, and fair, passage.

Then my obtuse mind next led me to, of course, the Bernardo Daddi. For your information, quattrocentro, Italian, a little plaque of orange loveliness describing the vision of Saint Dominic. (And the guards had better get out their dynamite, as I am just liable to put this thing under my coat and walk off with it some day, it's so exquisite.) Against a background of single orange Saint Dominic has been limned carefully and neat in black. Two angels lean like arcs out of the top side. That's all. Amazing in its simplicity, the delicate bal-

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ance of a line with a space. We moderns aren't accustomed to such daring, save from our own Picasso. I am afraid we must convict Bernardo of a little modernism, and at Yale University (which owns him) too! I am very much shocked.

Modernism however was rather rampant among the Italians of the quattrocentro. Consider the case of Di Paoli whose five panels depicting the life of Saint John the Baptist reside near the Dominic. The artist is a valuable primitive, an idol with conservative collectors, but just between you and me I think Signore Di Paoli was a surrealist. Don't go away! Look at this panel here!

That huge naive tree stump lurking by the River Jordan. That is an identical Jean Lurcat tree stump. I know. Lurcat strews all his scenery with pulled teeth like that. And oh, how Giovanni Di Paoli draws country fields! They look like plank floors ruled out on a draftsman's table with square and compass. Mayhap they are rice fields or mud flats, but such scenery is never coated with yellow varnish. No, these are surrealist fields, mental scenery purely.

Then, poor Saint John in the Desert. There's something wrong with the good saint. First he isn't in the desert, he's in the mountains, and second, he looks as if he was being pulled out of the picture by a pulley the while he nonchalantly reads in his prayer-book. At least no one goes up a mountain like Saint John floats up! And then the mountains are hovering like clouds over the geometry fields, and horror, there seem to be two Saint Johns; a twin is issuing out of a portico down below. This is simply modern nonsense. Let's get out of here or we will have the hackers upon us!

Please do not think I am ridiculing these primitives whose naïveté I love, but people think the moderns have no predecessors. I myself have never seen so many baffling pictures as when I tour art history. Here is a favorite picture of mine, by the fine Italian, Andrea Mantegna, and yet, was there ever a stranger, more puzzling picture? It is done all over in a dirty yellow, some of the dirt accruing, I suppose, through the ages, and it represents Tarquin and the Cumaean sybil discussing the prophetic books.

The weird thing is that Tarquin and the Oracle look like two large statues having a nice little chat against a Renaissance portico, and the effect is all the more astonishing for the clothing on the statues. The sybil is classical, coming forward with a rush, drapery all flitter-flutter. Tarquin wears a turban, a long robe, and boots, and is there anything more amazing than an Arab stargazer as a statue? To add to the confusion of the arts, the books resemble a music scroll and our characters gently but firmly pursuing the merits of the song! All this in a yellow haze. The painting looks more like sculpture on a frieze, something moldy out of a museum, a strange piece of realism, at any rate, and I wonder what would happen were Chirico, the modern Italian, to paint such a piece of yellow classicism?

But now let me tell you of the genius I have discovered. Rooms filled with Renaissance giants—their great wall paintings—always rather stun me. I long for a month's vacation and a large hall to sit back in and get all that beauty. Nevertheless, and dutifully, I was concentrating on a gigantic Veronese when my perverse eyeball realized that the smaller paintings beside it were as amazing.

They were two portraits, large as windows. One a Red Queen, a fierce-looking ancient in heavy robes and background of yellow-grey columns. The other a halberdier, a cool adolescent. He stands facing us, one hand on hip, the other holding the pole of his halberd. He wears a yellow jerkin, very large, very stiff, and buckled tightly at the waist, red trouser-tops as bulky as hip boots, and a little corded cap. In the suave ease of his pose, the cool open stare of his face with its calm eyes and lips, he imaged all adolescense, and excelled, I would say, that other famous young man, Bronzino's in the Metropolitan.

The hand on hip fascinated me. It was large, hard, slightly repellent, like a steel hand, and it reflected a strange compelling quality that is the genius of these pictures, and which I can only describe as a sort of gigantism. This queen, this halberdier, were human figures but figures raised to another order, the world of giants, the realm of the angels. As huge, as tall, as Milton's archangels they seemed, and as awesome. The universals of their tribe, so to speak.

Pontormo (he did these things) so intrigued me, I wondered if anyone else had ever noticed him. They had. Michelangelo and Raphael both considered him a brilliant student of whom much was expected (he would have made a greater Raphael). He was however a very strange, sulky young man. One day he hid himself away, painted and destroyed huge pictures no one ever saw, and then he inconsiderately died.

That was enough. So fascinating a man had already fired my ardor. This perverse young man, I decided, would be the subject of my first monograph. I would pluck him out of the Renaissance, popularize him like El Greco or Chardin, I would quietly buy up all the Pontormos and then, like Vollard with his Cézannes, sell them at still more fabulous prices, and then wealthy, life's labor done, I would retire to a little gallery off Cass Street and dabble in Copleys and Stuarts the rest of my life. Ah, the dreams, the dreams of youth!

So my inane eye goes down the galleries, picking out the pictures that have no audiences. Did I mention a superb Rembrandt, "Aristotle Looking at the Bust of Homer"? Well, I looked at Arent De Gelder! But who could resist that fine study in golden browns, that delightful lady looking out at us so very cool, collected, her arms folded as though at table with us, her hat large with golden plumage, her dress like buckskin? And we have consolation at least, the fact that she was a sensation at the great Dutch show in London several years ago!

And well, my visit ended on a sad climax. I became entranced with a piece of baroque art. No good modern does that. It was by Solimena (not Sole Mio) and called "Herminia and the Shepherds." One of those shepherd-nymph-cupid-cloud things where everybody waves around like a scarf and looks like an American

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athlete. The color entranced me, it was all in glittering rust red and everything gleamed out, dark yellows like burnished armor, blacks like black water.

I think I shall stop. If this keeps on I shall soon be talking about Pieter de Hooch and Marco Zoppo, and losing my modernist reputation. I could never stand the shock of that! As for all those splendid Goyas and El Grecos, you will have to look them up for yourselves. I am going back to my Pontormos!

BELLOC'S FOLLOWERS

By GEORGE BEVERLEY

WHETHER we shall appear in such comic guise a century hence, as do our predecessors of a century ago, is not a matter of unprofitable conjecture. It depends a good deal on what happens within the next score or so of years. What will not happen, it seems pretty clear, is "progress" in the accepted newspaper sense. We seem to be approaching, with considerable acceleration, a point at which progress, in the sense of going blindly on along the same sidetrack, is no longer possible. This is becoming apparent, even to the economist and politician, when it has long been apparent to the intelligent. In the matters of the mind, the fact that the sidetrack leads to a cliff edge from which ascent is impossible and descent is calamitous, has already been recognized; and the question at issue is not one of going on or going back but of turning to the left or the right. The intellectual awakening which always precedes a drastic change in the *modus vivendi,* is probably now taking place. Will our descendants look upon us as we look upon the stupid pomposities of the age whose gods were Macaulay and Gibbon, or as the fifteenth century looked upon the age of Dante and Aquinas?

Whatever is behind the new inclination to appreciate the finest fruits of medieval culture, the new interest in Thomistic philosophy, two facts are significant. The first is that such inclination is not, as may rashly be supposed, confined to Latins and to those who have inherited the traditions of that culture along the line of religion. The second is that the opposition to it, which has endeavored to exploit that rash supposition, has undergone a great change of tone; moreover, it shows no signs of living over to another generation.

It was the fashion, for example, to dismiss Mr. Hilaire Belloc as a brilliant young man who had fizzled out, like a damp squib, by becoming a papistical apologist. His historical works were alleged to be loaded with papistical bias, full of rash generalizations and assumptions unsupported by references or quotations. The lingering rearguard of the old school of historians still confuses references and quotations with facts. If we wish to know what has happened to the anti-Belloc School, we have but to read the recent controversies Wells v. Belloc and Coulton v. Belloc, or more recently the review of Mr. Belloc's "Wolsey" by Professor A. F. Pollard, who wrote a "Life of Wolsey." If you have read Professor Pollard's "Wolsey" and his reviews of Belloc's "Wolsey," you will know what has happened to the school. Its attack having failed, it is unhorsed and helpless. Anyone in doubt about the tone position may read Mr. Belloc's reply, in the *Observer* of November 9 last, to Professor Pollard's charges. That reply is not only conclusive on points of fact, but it cites incidentally five references given by Professor Pollard which contain no single allusion to the point at issue.

This will no doubt be regarded as an example of the unsupported statement, prompted by bias. It remains for others to test the truth of the situation. If the proximate change is in the direction suggested here, it will be tested by the classical standards of logic and not by the standards of nineteenth-century Protestant historians. For example, a statement is not certainly untrue because it is unsupported by references and quotations, nor is it indisputably true because references and quotations, irrespective of accuracy or truth, are adduced in support of it. A man is not necessarily untruthful or stupid because he declines to bring witnesses, true or false, in support of his statement.

It was not long ago an easy and successful gibe to call a man a Bellocian. It has of late been a little dangerous. It will in future be positively unsafe. Followers of Mr. Belloc in the younger generation, notably D. B. Wyndham Lewis, Mr. Christopher Hollis, Mr. G. C. Heseltine and others, have done much to make it unsafe. In Mr. Lewis's latest volume, "King Spider" (King Louis XI of France), he boldly avers himself a Bellocian by his admirable dedication to the master in a manner that will leave little learned men shriveling with cold: "Hilario Belloc A.M. labente seculo, priscae fidei atque honestatis defensori——." Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis is but one of the many younger men who, incited by the subversive example of Mr. Belloc, have begun to read history for themselves.

Lingard started the dangerous practice of testing the "authorities" and going to original documents and sources for his information rather than to his predecessors. The modern historian of the old school has now reached that stage but he is "fair mazed." He cannot see the wood for the trees. He has always understood that—, he has always thought that—, Gibbon said that —, Macaulay said that —; and so somehow the sources and documents must tell the same tale. If and when they do not, a great deal of honest labor and intelligence is wasted in trying to make them do so.

Mr. Belloc's advance on Lingard, and therefore on the school which has tardily adopted his method without his ability or vision, is that he has drawn conclusions from the facts and attempted to give a true historical picture by fitting the facts together in contrast to the method of making the facts fit the picture. When the picture is complete, if it satisfies the demands of human experience and probability, if it helps to complete the panorama of history by fitting in logically with surrounding events and consequences, then it is much more like a true picture than one which does not fulfil these conditions. Truth is stranger than fiction, but in the ultimate it will be found at worst to be reasonably unreasonable. Which is better than being found unreasonably reasonable.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The School for Husbands

SOMETHING tells me that the Theatre Guild was quite pleased with its ingenuity and its playfulness in producing a rhymed adaptation of Molière's comedy, "The School for Husbands." The production has just that air about it—a self-conscious drollery that is more droll for the players than for the audience.

Arthur Guiterman has composed the rhymed verse which attempts, sometimes with reasonable success, to convey in English the singular quality of French rhyme. Certainly Molière in English prose is a sad affair. Molière, of course, did drop into prose on occasions, but the summit of his wit and comedy can be found only in the inimitable rhymes with which he could double-sharpen the point of a satiric jest. Mr. Guiterman has really made a valiant effort to achieve the same subtlety and finesse in his English verse, despite the limitations of the English language for such purposes. I do not know of anyone, offhand, who could have done a better job. But the French language seems to have been designed with the express purpose of making it adaptable to quick and supple rhyme. English, with its vast contrasts of Anglo-Saxon and Latin words, seems to lend richness and color and fiber to either prose or blank verse. The two languages are simply not interchangeable as vehicles of expression. Mr. Guiterman has done his best to make a highly seasoned and delicious gravy taste like a delicate wine. The result is not, and could never be, entirely successful.

But there is more than the difference of language to dim the sparkle of the Guild's Molière adaptation. The Guild makes the cardinal mistake of trying to bring the Molière spirit up to date while retaining the trappings of quaint antiquity. I am not referring, of course, to the musical interpolations as such. Many of them are utterly charming. They add grace and variety without in the least spoiling the movement of the comedy. But the use of a specialty song, such as "Ignorance Is Bliss," with a birth-control twist given to it, is nothing more than a cheap effort to bring in Broadway sophistication as a modern spice. The effect is about as incongruous as the famous effort of Marilyn Miller to present a Broadway-ized Peter Pan. In other words, the Guild has been guilty of guilding Molière.

"The Dream of Sganarelle," which forms the ballet and second act of this production is adapted from Molière's "The Forced Marriage." This is as innocent a maneuver as the usual running together of Henry IV and Henry V, and does no more violence to Molière than the other habit does to Shakespeare. It does offer Charles Weidman and Doris Humphrey a chance to do some of their delightful dances to the accompaniment of well-chosen airs of the fifteenth and later centuries. Incidentally, perhaps the greatest pleasure of the entire evening springs from the music arranged, composed and conducted by Edmond W. Rickett. Real and painstaking research lies back of the able selection of ancient folk airs, gavottes, pavanes and other gems of a romantic and meticulous era. Mr. Rickett deserves hearty thanks.

Osgood Perkins—of all people—is the actor selected to play the part of the decrepit and suspicious Sganarelle who eventually is taught the lesson that a lock and key furnish no safeguard of a lady's affections. As the guardian of the beautiful Isabelle and as her would-be husband, Sganarelle is the classic butt of young love triumphant. To his vast credit be it said that Mr. Perkins plays his Sganarelle with dexterity and grace and a reasonable amount of style. But he is a trifle heavy-handed at times when the French spirit demands more precision and edge. The same is true, only in much greater degree, of June Walker as Isabelle. Their combined efforts made me secretly homesick for that gracious perfection with which Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps once endowed everything they touched in the theatre. Flora Le Breton plays the maid, Lisette, with considerable innate comedy sense, but more in the manner of a buxom English dairy-maid than of a French girl. The Valere of Michael Bartlett is immensely satisfying vocally. Mr. Bartlett also approaches nearer than most of the cast to a feeling of French elegance.

On the whole, this musical adaptation of Molière comedy is in the nature of a worth-while experiment. It is the kind of thing that only the Guild is adapted to do well, and it also marks a refreshing departure from somewhat overweighty Guild traditions. But as a specific effort, it lacks essential simplicity and the perfection in casting and direction which productions of this kind demand. (At the Empire Theatre.)

The Pursuit of Happiness

IT WAS inevitable that someone should land on the idea of publicizing the antique habit of "bundling" in pioneer New England, and of making it the subject of a ribald comedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Langner (under elaborate pseudonyms) happen to be the joint authors of the play that has finally made bundling its central comedy theme. They have chosen New England during the American Revolution as their setting, and, by making an escaped Hessian officer the hero, they have managed to weave in numerous comments on the ideals of a free America as seen by a European radical. Obviously, what he actually finds is freedom in the most unexpected directions and Puritan restrictions wherever he actually expected freedom. A new Bavarian actor, Tonio Selwart by name, happens to have enough personal charm to make this one character credible. The other characters are, without exception, puppets and types who emit, at appropriate times, whatever the Langners want them to say.

The Langners present an innocent enough version of bundling, but manage to surround the innocent facts with enough implications and innuendos to satisfy the supposed Broadway appetite. The action varies from painfully slow comedy to equally slow slapstick farce. There is no continuity of mood and most of the comedy is of an obvious sort. The whole concoction is a boresome effort to be sly and salacious. (At the Avon Theatre.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE SHADOW OF WAR

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: In your editorial, "The Shadow of War," you say: "No greater duty rests upon us today than to meet the menace of war, and to consolidate all the moral strength of humanity to avert that menace."

Agreed. But you have left out one of the most important, if not the most important factor, in the prevention of war, and that is preparedness. Had we been prepared when we went into the World War thousands of splendid young lives would have been spared. There is not a mother in the land who is not now crying out to the Prince of Peace: "Lord give us peace. Keep war away from a war-weary world."

But prayer is not enough. Peace associations, whether under Catholic auspices or otherwise, are not enough. Indeed some of them do grave harm. The pacifists have killed more than the militarists. The best way to prevent war is to be prepared to defend ourselves. The United States will never enter into a war of aggression. We never have. But we are utterly dumb when it comes to a question of national defense.

Had we heeded Theodore Roosevelt's warning, "Speak low but carry a big stick," we would not have gone into the last war unprepared. What happened afterward? The United States navy, which is our first line of defense, was the finest in the world. It should have remained so, for the United States has far-flung possessions (unfortunately, it seems to some of us who have always thought the Philippines a liability and not an asset). We have also many thousands of miles of undefended coast.

In spite of these facts under the (I spare any adjectives regardful of the old monition regarding the dead) Harding administration we scrapped the two finest ships this government had ever built, the George Washington and another. They were three quarter finished. It cost more to scrap than to finish them; but John Bull said, "Scrap," and we scrapped them.

Since then under the inglorious and futile Hoover administration the navy has gone steadily down until now we are below both Great Britain and, more perilous still, Japan. There is scarcely a navy officer who does not say, "There will be war with Japan within five years." Some of them put it much closer. President Roosevelt is awake to the situation and with him at the helm we ought to feel secure.

But in the name of heaven, ye editors of THE COMMONWEAL, when you talk peace talk also preparedness. Anything else is short-sighted folly. There are many women like myself whose hearts are torn by the word "war." We women know. With three sons officers in the United States navy, two of them aviators (and everyone says the next war will be in the air), is it likely I would utter one word in favor of war?

It is because I loathe war, think it generally stupid and often criminal, that I plead now that you preach preparedness as the surest way to the blessedness of peace.

MARY ONAHAN GALLERY.

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: On the spur of the moment I write you apropos of a statement in the leading editorial of THE COMMONWEAL for September 29, in which it is said that "absolute pacifism is contrary to Catholic doctrine."

I know, of course, that the Church permits individuals and nations to engage in a "just war" (though it is difficult to see how, in the present state of the world, it will ever be possible for an individual to determine which war is "just" and which "unjust," while to take his government's word for the "justice" of a war is simply to ensure the continuance of wars without end). However, while the Church may permit the taking up of arms under certain conditions, I fail to see how absolute pacifism is contrary to Catholic doctrine, if the individual has reached the conclusion that, in the present state of society, war is not only futile as an instrument of human righteousness or betterment, but absolutely wrong. Personally, I am both a Catholic and an "absolute pacifist," and I cannot believe that the Church would cut me off as one of her children because I propose to take quite literally the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

I do not pass judgment upon my fellows because their consciences may tell them that, in a given emergency, war is justifiable; but I ask of them the same tolerance for my own point of view, namely, that, in the present state of society, war is never justifiable, and that might cannot produce right.

If you have the time, and inclination, I would appreciate a word from you on the subject, for I would like to know whether the Church has ever definitely expressed her mind in relation to the Catholic pacifist? Certainly, many Catholics today must feel as I do—must be pacifists of the deepest convictions—and it would amaze me to learn that, against the most forcible dictates of the individual's conscience, the Church would compel that individual to take up arms, and to engage upon the systematic slaughter of other of her children.

Not until the Catholic Church pronounces *ex cathedra* that a pacifist can no longer approach the sacraments, will I cease to consider myself both a Catholic and an "absolute pacifist."

MARY DIXON THAYER.

CRITICIZING THE COMMONWEAL

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editor: I have noticed that during the past few months the Abbé Dimnet has sent two letters to your paper, complaining about the tone of articles. The first letter objected to the shocking essay you published on depopulation and race suicide (I believe it was called "New Light on Birth Control"); and today, in the current issue, I find a second letter, this one criticizing your editorial on the German Concordat. In both of these communications the Abbé pointed out the inconsistency between these dubious articles and previous statements that appeared in the same paper. This glaring discrepancy cannot but be embarrassing to the editorial policy of THE COMMONWEAL.

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It is patent that if a paper adheres rigidly and tenaciously to the statement of the Catholic slant on life, inconsistencies like those mentioned could never occur. I think that THE COMMONWEAL has been too willing to make concessions to liberal sentiments in its pages, and in doing so has had to pay the usual price.

This situation can easily be remedied, and future recurrences can be avoided, if you refuse to publish any opinions that go beyond the traditional policy of the Church. THE COMMONWEAL looks too much toward the future—that unpredictable mirage that has ever been the refuge of fools and dreamers. The problems of the future are not ours; they belong to generations still to come. THE COMMONWEAL opinion should avoid this pitfall. It should be less "advanced," or, if you will, more "ultramontane."

While I am about it, may I add a word of endorsement to the suggestion of Mr. Arthur Conway in the September 15 issue, regarding the nature of articles? I realize that a weekly must concern itself to some extent with the events of the day. This I think THE COMMONWEAL does adequately in the editorial notices on the first few pages, and so much should be sufficient for the ephemeral items. The remainder of the paper, that is, the articles proper, ought to be devoted to subjects of more solid and lasting interest.

Since the crash in 1929 I have noted the extraordinary number of articles printed on the two most transient subjects on earth—economics and politics. If the authors had approached these subjects from the angle of economic and political theory (the only angle which the Church is concerned with in these matters), the articles would have had at least a philosophical appeal which, as Mr. Conway pointed out, is one of the perennial delights of the human intellect. But concerned as the writers were with the practical side of the questions, the printed result was dull and insignificant.

Let us have in THE COMMONWEAL more theology, more philosophy and more history, as Mr. Conway suggests. To choose a random example, I do not recall ever having seen an article on Our Lady as Mediatrix of Grace or on her Assumption—two points of tremendous interest and immense importance, especially now with the possibility of a reopening of the Vatican Council looming over the horizon. Laymen, despite the opinions of some of the clergy, are fascinated by the study of theology. Let us know more about these doctrines, their history and the prospect of their being officially defined.

When I suggest philosophy, I do not mean that THE COMMONWEAL should print a rehash of St. Thomas. (We all know our St. Thomas anyway.) But an almost unlimited field lies almost unexplored along the frontiers between the traditional scholastic view and every other that ever was or ever will be propounded. Why should THE COMMONWEAL not concern itself with a subject so engrossing and vital? Finally, Catholic history, contemporary and otherwise, written in a gossipy style and viewed through the lives of the men and women who made it, should have more of a place in your paper. Your readers like informative as well as critical articles.

CHARLES B. HEDDEN.

HOME LIFE AND RECREATION

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor: It gives cheer to see that great interest is being manifested in home-making, if one may judge from the long persistent line of eager people, waiting to view the model homes at the Century of Progress.

Among the many labor-saving devices and improvements in the modern house, which makes the upkeep of a small home no longer an impossibility, one is further impressed with the provision for a recreation room. This is either in the basement or is a separate unit built on the top of the modern house. Home life including home recreation will be one of the greatest factors, after religion, in bringing back sanity, a decrease of crime, an upturn in morality and renewed prosperity.

The building of small homes, the reconstruction and modernizing of old houses, the rehabilitation of slum areas with cottage dwellings, are the surest and final means of giving employment to thousands out of work, as well as contributing to a better American civilization.

The opinion of a great industrialist and philanthropist of the West was written me the other day in a letter not intended for publication: "The depression cannot be successfully lifted until construction, our second largest industry, again becomes active. . . . It is also being acknowledged that particularly home construction and building modernization are the most important factors in giving employment and speeding recovery. The subject is so large, as we have learned from experience, that the efforts of one company alone are of little avail and it requires cooperative action by the entire construction industry to bring about substantial results."

Today a Chicago newspaper printed the following letter in their "What the People Say" department, under the heading, "A New Deal": "I am a carpenter, with a wife and six children. I am offering to work in exchange for groceries, clothing, shoes, heating stove. Can give references." The man's name and address followed.

Catholic Action might well begin its apostolate with efforts toward homes and home life. Men, women and children will be directly benefited. Industrialists and corporations should make it possible for their workers to start buying their own homes. Women who of late dreaded the responsibilities of formerly difficult housekeeping now, with improved facilities, may return to this oldest of feminine arts. Children, whose innocence and futures are so gravely menaced by influences away from the home, with their own room for recreation will find congenial amusements more readily in the home. One source of perennial amusement, discarded with the substitution of apartment hotel life, was home theatricals; this might if sufficiently attractive take the place of constant youthful attendance at the movies, which the Apostolic Delegate at the recent Conference of Catholic Charities in New York spoke of as one of the forces of evil: "An example in our day is the moving picture with its incalculable influence for evil. What a massacre of the innocence of youth is taking place hour by hour! How shall the crimes that have their direct source in immoral motion pictures be measured?"

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Homes then, for the protection of youth, for the sanctity of domestic life! More small homes all over the land, even in the cities! Defeat excessive taxes making slaves of freeholders without their freehold.

Homes are the only forts which will survive the alarming and persistent onslaught of depression, immorality and divorce, unrest and discontent.

CECILIA MARY YOUNG

THE PALACE OF THE DOGS

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: These are truly "dog days." The water spaniel of Wimpole Street is recalled by two biographies of a smart dog named Flush, high-bred and high-brow, and if not a medium, at least a mind reader, also a fine companion; any decent dog is that. Flush with further education might have written his autobiography.

Ella Wendel's dog had many biographers; his demise was dogmeat for the tabloids; the *World Telegram* ushered out his departure on its editorial page! While the discrminating *Times,* which confines itself to "All the news that's fit to print," honored the French poodle with almost a column, which revelled in the dog's pedigree and "dynasty," its miniature Adam's four poster and velvet comforter for night, its diet and custody by day; its million-dollar Fifth Avenue backyard wherein to stretch its aged legs, or siesta under the dogwood tree. Being a dumb dog he did not know his legacy was in jeopardy during the contest over Ella's last will and testimony. Nor had he brains or tricks enough to merit a biography in bindings. However, his destiny was guarded by bonded administrators: "The executors have carefully followed Miss Ella's wishes as to the disposal of the dog, and he now sleeps peacefully alongside his predecessors" (New York *Times,* October 5).

The attorney who managed the Wendel Estate died a few days later, and the press gave him brief mention. After all, through legal necessity he was the dog's best friend. Without him, Toddles might have died hungry.

A charter member of the S. P. C. A. has no cause for court over the treatment or disposal of the last dog in the Fifth Avenue mansion. The Children's Aid Society may be envious of the pounds and the pow-wow bestowed upon the poodle—with its lawyers for guardians, and its bodyguard to save it annoyance from cats.

There are many homes where dogs and cats are absent, because there are children to be fed, and the bones they leave on the platter would be poor pickings for Toddles or Towser. And there are apartments where children are *verboten;* not so with canines, even if they be mongrels or muts, so long as they do not display the bar-sinister on their Park Avenue collars.

The Fifth Avenue Toddles was gassed because it developed distemper. Unlike Tenth Avenue pups it had no sense of humor; which may be an argument against eugenics, and a *reductio ad absurdum* for advocates of pedigree and limitation. Caste, unless chloroformed, even among dogs, dies a hard death.

REV. PETER MORAN, C.S.P.

BOOKS

A Jewish Leader

Judah P. Benjamin, by Rollin Osterweis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.00.

NOT THE least important feature of this first published work of a brilliant young student, is the Preface by Mr. Horace D. Taft, in which he says: "When I think what we were taught in the time of fierce passions after the Civil War . . . about the personal motives of Jefferson Davis and his associates, about the treachery of Andrew Johnson and the necessity and justice of the reconstruction measures, and then think of the revision or reversal of these opinions which time has brought, it brings home the modesty which ought to characterize our present judgments and especially our judgments of men and their motives."

That war to which Mr. Taft refers in the above quotation, and in which Judah Benjamin played his rôle, was a war between two schools of political thought, equally respectable, equally dignified. The issue was that of the idea of United States as a League of Nations, a commonwealth of English-speaking nations, and the newer conception of their consolidation into one national republic, continental in extent, with the once sovereign states remaining as mere vestigial appendices with no constructive function. Mr. Taft's foreword is a vitally important contribution to American history, coming from such a source.

The young author is a product of the Taft Preparatory School, of Yale and of Oxford. He followed a graduate course at the Foreign Service School of Georgetown University with the purpose of entering the diplomatic service. Instead, he entered a manufacturing business, where, like another young manufacturer, André Maurois, he finds it perfectly possible to combine business and good writing. With this, his first public work, at the age of twenty-six, he shows real promise for the future, in American letters.

From the author to the subject: Judah Benjamin. The first strikingly interesting thing about him is, that he was a Jew, and prominent in the affairs of that ultra-conservative group of Americans, the leaders of the Southern Confederacy. He is constantly compared with Disraeli, and that also is a significant thing. It is not because Disraeli was also a Jew and an English statesman. Disraeli found in the fundamentals of England (in spite of aberrations and abuses) the best political and social system in Europe. Judah Benjamin found in the United States a political conception to which he could adhere with enthusiasm, and which has become the foundation of the British Empire since the Westminster Act. Judah Benjamin was of the same ancient lineage as Disraeli. Both belong to the oldest aristocracy in the civilized world. Many of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews of Benjamin's kind found refuge not only in North Africa, in Germany and in England, but in the West Indies, our Southern States and in Philadelphia, among the Society of Friends.

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Like Alexander Hamilton, another uprooted man, Benjamin could make deliberate, dispassionate choice between the old principles of America and the newer, unit continental republic idea. Both could see the fact of thirteen completely independent sovereign nations. Hamilton, the modern business man, could see in them only thirteen bankrupt businesses, which could only be salvaged for the stockholders by a merger. The Jewish idealist could see a reason for some NRA voluntary code of fair practice among these thirteen, but he could also see that if a federal government turned into an unwanted dictatorship assuming powers never intended, those who made it could either unmake it or hold out from it. Benjamin's speech in the Senate in 1860 shows clearly that he understood that a sovereign state could not be coerced in its constitutional rights by any power on earth—in the old American conception.

Benjamin, in 1860, put a shrewd finger on the principle involved in his farewell speech as Senator from Louisiana. It is a psychological point that is too little considered in connection with the war. "It has been urged," he said, " . . . that Louisiana stands on an exceptional footing . . . that whatever may be the rights of the states that were original parties to the Constitution—even granting their right to resume . . . those restricted powers which they delegated to the general government in trust for their own use and benefit—still Louisiana can have no such right, because she was acquired by purchase. . . ." There is a very important point which has not been sufficiently studied: the fundamental difference in mental attitude toward a federal government, between those states which created it (and therefore could unmake it, too, if it should go in some path not intended by them) and those states created by the federal government (and therefore looking to it for further guidance, direction and support).

An equally interesting sequel to the volume (recently published) of diplomatic correspondence with the Vatican, would be Benjamin's attempt to secure papal intervention on behalf of the Confederacy.

Mr. Osterweis, among other things, has opened a path of research to American Catholic historians which should be followed.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

Experimental Schools

The Educational Frontier, written in collaboration by William H. Kilpatrick (editor), Boyd H. Bode, John Dewey, John L. Childs, R. B. Raup, H. Gordon Hullfish, V. T. Thayer. New York: The Century Co. $2.50.

THIS joint effort of William H. Kilpatrick, John Dewey and others is a blaring war-cry not only against education as practised at present in America but against our entire social order. Symposia of this sort usually suffer from a lack of unified trend. "The Educational Frontier" sins in the opposite sense. The fundamental ideas of the authors are identical, and as they recur in every single essay, like as many leit-motifs, they result in producing a rather monotonous chant, tiresome

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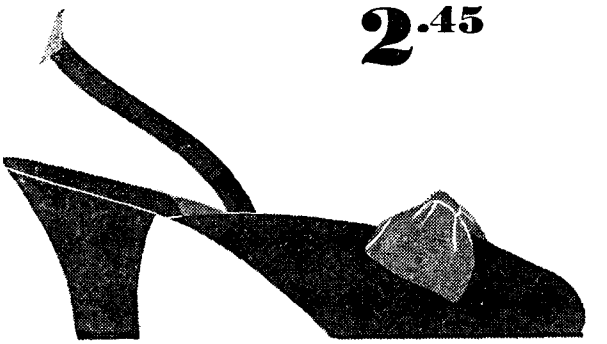

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Next Week

IOWA CYCLE, by Charles Morrow Wilson, is a vivid interview with Secretary of Agriculture Wallace. It gives a picture of the man and of his philosophy at this moment of historic and far-reaching readjustment of the condition of American farming. A plan without a man, says an old saw, is no better than a man without a plan. In Mr. Wilson's article we see both the large outline of the present administration's plan for agricultural recovery and the man. We catch a glimpse of what life in the states is for the non-urban half of our population and of a solid, likable Americanism . . . LABOR'S LAST WEAPON, by John Gilland Brunini, is the comprehensive and factual story of NRA's adjustment of labor difficulties in New York City and of the tremendous strides which were effected away from sweat-shop practices in the needle trades, for one specific instance, strides which neither labor nor employers would have been able to take unaided because of cut-throat competitive conditions. The increasing internal difficulties of rival trade unions are also discussed with specific instances by Mr. Brunini and a picture of the troubled situation of the present is brilliantly presented . . . DAYS IN BEURON, by George N. Shuster, deals with the practical *raison d'etre* of one of the world's great power houses of prayer. This is intimately yet largely and inspiringly done . . . IN A PARK, by Nahum Sabsay, is a story, or sketch, that is epic in its sweep, yet simple, moving, personal and a story for our times. We believe every reader will be fascinated by it and touched with admiration for it. . . . New plays, new books, a vista of a famous old city taking on a new appearance and a glance unnoticed at a group of children reading will also be presented in this varied and interesting issue.

to the reader. According to them, the American social order, owing to the industrialization of the country, has shifted far off from the original ideals of the eighteenth century. The American school, trying to uphold those primitive social and economic ideals, has remained stationary, nay retrograde. Thus, the ideals taught by the school are fundamentally hypocritical and false; indeed, they at every step contradict the actual facts. The "rugged individualism" of the past must be replaced by a social *Weltanschauung;* an experimental attitude of teacher and pupil must be cultivated above all; all branches of learning and all aspects of teaching must be pervaded by social concern. Schools, parents, teachers and learner, all must submit to this new tendency in order to avert the cataclysm. No real education can be achieved unless the teachers turn sociologists, or the sociologists teachers. Harsh words condemn the present social and economic structure of the United States, and the reader easily perceives that some of the authors, in spite of their deprecatory restraint, advocate a social order diametrically opposed to ours.

The reviewer must confess that in spite of some fruitful thoughts which he found scattered among the much too numerous repetitions of the symposium, he is thoroughly out of sympathy with the basic idea of the authors, that of making of schools experimental stations. He objects on the basis of all pedagogy that deserves its name, to having all ideas taught promiscuously before seeing them put to a severe test. It is to be feared that the authors, although pursuing fine and high ideals, have completely lost track of human nature, and wander about in the clouds of an abstract and bloodless ideology. In their utopians' fervor, they preach reforms which would defeat the very ideals that they cherish. They all advocate that the school should abandon its neutral attitude in order to crusade against social and political corruption—a strange conception of the part which the school may rightly be expected to play in human society. Their ideal teacher of the future is an omniscient, superhuman and, chiefly, meddlesome creature, a leader of his community—will not there be too many leaders?—a social apostle, whose multifarious duties will surely conflict with those of the legislators. "The Educational Frontier" is a thought-provoking volume but it has evidently been composed with too much haste; its ideas are often fantastic, and some of its sweeping generalizations on history and progress will not bear the light of true criticism.

ARPAD STEINER.

Feminine America

America through Women's Eyes; edited by Mary R. Beard. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

FOR THREE centuries women have cooperated with men in the making of American history but their ideas and their achievements have been accorded scant space in conventional manuals. To remedy this deficiency Mary Beard has compiled selections from the writings of American women on topics dealing with all phases of our national life from colonial times to the present day.

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She has chosen interesting sources and edited them with thought-provoking philosophic reflections of her own. In the majority of cases the writers are contemporaries of the events or situations described; but not always. It is, for example, America's most gifted essayist, Agnes Repplier, who is called upon to interpret the place of the Puritan in our early history.

Colorful colonial dames live again in these pages; among them the redoubtable Margaret Brent of Maryland, Mrs. Alexander who built the first sidewalk in New York, and Mrs. Digges who, like a number of other Southern women, owned and managed a huge plantation. There are stories of the hardships and the triumphs of the women pioneers to the West, and women's part in the conflict of economic systems and the problems of social readjustment which followed upon the Industrial Revolution in the East. While women in Northern states were following their work in its transit from home to factory, those in the South were drawn into the bitter controversies growing up around the slavery question. Their participation in these events and their reactions to them are pictured in several documents which are included in this book.

Mrs. Beard has assembled numerous sources illustrating the stimulus given by women to the abolitionist, temperance and equal suffrage movements, and latterly, their efforts in the South to abolish lynching. There are also accounts of the struggles of our first women lawyers and physicians. American incursions into the realm of political and economic imperialism have evoked keen comments from feminine observers. We find Dr. Anna Garlin Spencer's plea for a sympathetic understanding of "the undercurrents of social growth" in a subject people, Mrs. Taft's gracious survey of the Philippine scene and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's penetrating analysis of the Mexican imbroglio.

Perhaps the most valuable part of Mrs. Beard's book is the section dealing with the discussions by women of contemporary social and economic problems. The selections are too numerous to summarize but all are well written, timely and worthy of thought. The book ends with the call issued by the National Council of Women for an International Congress of Women to assemble in Chicago at the Century of Progress Fair.

GEORGIANA PUTNAM MCENTEE.

Mexican Bandit

The Crimson Jester—Zapata of Mexico, by H. H. Dunn. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.00.

THE AUTHOR of this book performs for the Mexican revolution much the same task as R. H. Lockhart has recently done in his "British Agent" for Russia. He was the representative, not of the American government, but of an American newspaper syndicate. According to his story he knew personally or interviewed most all of the *politicos* and generals from the fall of Diaz to the rise of Obregon. But he was particularly concerned with the strangest, the most enigmatic and perhaps the

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most indigenously Mexican of them all—Emiliano Zapata.

Zapata, like most of the other principals of the Mexican drama, arose as an obscure bandit chieftain and he operated for the most part in the southern states of Guerrero and Morelos. Unlike Huerta, Villa and Carranza, who were opportunists, Zapata had one aim from which he never deviated: to return the land to the Indian peons. Mr. Dunn like most writers on Mexican history stresses this, but he paints a portrait which is considerably less idealistic than that provided by such enthusiasts as Gruening and Beals. Zapata, he tells us, was mainly destructive; he burned up all records and titles so that the humble Indians might escape from peonage and landlordism, but he had no plan for agricultural rehabilitation. And he was brutally cruel in his treatment of enemies and Spaniards.

The author offers personal testimony and observations, unsupported by authorities or documentation; yet much that he states has a ring of truth. To the whole tragedy of Madero's fall and Huerta's rise to power he gives a new side which does not carry the customary bias of Huertistas or Maderistas. He presents a version of Zapata's part in this affair which has not been described before and which seems most plausible. Moreover the narrative carries a sense of the inevitable doom which is perhaps the best explanation of Mexico's bloody catharsis.

Mr. Dunn's story would carry much more weight, even without supporting footnotes, if he had not employed one of the most desperate styles ever used by a biographer. There may have been rumors that Pancho Villa had Negro blood in his veins, but it is more than puerile to refer to him as "The Negroid," and to label Carranza as "Mr. Venus" in connection with some vague reports of his love affairs, is carrying matters pretty far. Moreover, whatever the similarity between Zapata and the leader of the ancient Huns may exist, it loses all of its force when the agrarian chieftain is constantly and monotonously labeled "Attila" and his army, "The Horde."

In spite of this fi-fo-fum writing, the book makes exciting reading. It is filled with lurid anecdotes, hairbreadth escapes, quaint and often horrible customs of the southern Mexican Indians, thumb-nail sketches of celebrities caught in dramatic attitudes, and heroic battles. Whatever its value as history, "The Crimson Jester" provides good entertainment and a provocative viewpoint.

FRANK C. HANIGHEN.

Roll Jordan

Kingdom Coming, by Roark Bradford. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE CIVIL WAR furnishes perennially a rich background for the novelist seeking the temper of a people in fratricide. But the other elements of the conflict which recur evince a remarkable paucity of variety. That there are aspects of the struggle other than those concerning the play of mass emotion, military achievements and the chivalry of a smoother morality than our

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own seems rarely to have occurred to writers contemplating the upheaval which brought our national entity so perilously close to ruin.

It was a war between the "Yankees and the white folks," to quote Mr. Bradford's hero, and theirs was the decision of the war, but the subject of the conflict—lest it be forgotten—was the Negro himself, whose rôle in the struggle to decide his destiny was that of passive watcher. The bare statement of the situation seems fecund in possibilities to stir the writer's imagination. Yet strangely enough, except for a few instances scarcely worth recalling, the opportunity has been neglected.

The reason for this is more apparent now. Mr. Bradford, by brilliant demonstration, makes us realize that more qualifications than mere awareness of the situation are required to tell the story of the Negro during the war. All those qualifications, which include close personal and inherited association with the Negro and the soil, an unfailing eye for the meaningful detail, and above all a delicate and impersonal sensitiveness, are Mr. Bradford's.

"Kingdom Coming" is the story of a handful of Negroes on an out-of-the-way plantation in northern Louisiana in the years before and during the Civil War. It is the picture of Messenger, ex-jockey and a rare stableman, Crimp, his wife and their little son, Telegram, familiarly known as "Grammy" but officially designated by his father (proud of having "horse blood in his veins") as "Telegram by Messenger out'n Crimp." They are first encountered on their way from New Orleans to the Wilkins plantation, whither they have been sent by Judge Wilkins who has found it expedient to remove Crimp from his household. The story follows the three of them in their lives and associations to the dissolution of the family (Messenger by the false underground, Crimp by the easy path of pleasing the overseer), and continues on with Grammy and the Negroes of the plantation.

It is an almost exotic picture which the author draws, but the sureness with which it is done, the very homeliness of its tones, vouch for its authenticity. The scenes of the war ring especially true. One recalls vividly such pictures as the column of grey-uniformed soldiers appearing around the bend in the road below the plantation and continuing to the next bend all day long without interruption, while the little group of awe-stricken slaves looks on in dumb wonder at the sight of so many people.

There is nothing orthodox in Mr. Bradford's manner. He is neither sentimental nor needlessly brutal; scarcely may he be considered faithful to the manner of "Old Man Adam an' His Chillun." He writes without affectation, his subject obviates the need of devices; and there are moments when he shares the naïveté of his Negroes, while remaining keenly aware of the underlying subtleties. The significance of his book, however—apart from its entertainment value—lies in the fact that it clarifies remarkably a vital phase in the history of a race groping to assimilate a new civilization while still unable to discard entirely the mysteries of the old.

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Briefer Mention

Uncharted Spaces, by Monica Selwin-Tait. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

IN ANTHEA STRICKLAND, Mrs. Selwin-Tait presents a fine portrait of a woman who, outwardly a personification of femininess and gentleness, rules through the tyranny of love. Not often did her two subjects—her husband and her son—wish to oppose her. Their love was as perfect as hers was faulty. But Stephen, the son, abandoned a career in the Anglican Church to become a Catholic and found that he had alienated his mother whose silence had not been tacit reconciliation with his course but an almost effective weapon in her fight to prevent it. Mrs. Strickland was more bewildered because she had thus stayed her clergyman husband from Rome. There is freshness in Mrs. Selwin-Tait's well-conceived plot. Though her execution is decidedly marred by a cumbersome and matter-of-fact style, the theme, developed with discretion in emotional emphasis, spiritual insight and trueness, makes this book a pleasing deviation from run-of-the-mill Catholic fiction.

Mischief, by Ben Ames Williams. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

PROPERLY "Mischief" should be criticized as a long short story. Author and publisher have apparently done their part to make it into a novel. The result is that both have "padded." The greater dereliction is Mr. Williams's, for, had he chosen, he could easily have elaborated his plot development and his characterizations. Yet "Mischief," even as a long short story, is good. It employs the theme of a revenge seeker become the victim of his own machinations. Old as this may be, Mr. Williams has made of it something very original. He does not excuse but pities his villain. Nor should mention be omitted of a fine ending in which repentance, illuminating and sincere, brightens the tragedy of a death that, otherwise depicted, would have been both horrible to the reader and clumsily manipulated by the author.

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